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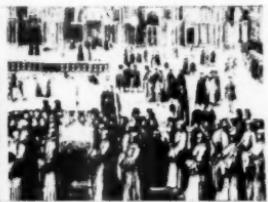


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Western Advertising Representatives R. J. Friedman Associates
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ON THE COVER:

This is a fragment of an arranger's control sheet actually used at a London "Phase 4" recording session. See review on page 64.

for SEPTEMBER, 1961

Volume 28, Number 1

Contents Indexed in Readers' Guide to
Periodical Literature and Music Index

CONTENTS

Special Science Features:	
Music and Men of Science	
By William L. Purcell	6
Is Music a Language of the Subconscious?	
By Jack Diether	12
Science Fiction Set to Music—Blomdahl's "Aniara"	
By Arthur Cohn	14
Words Only (this month devoted to scientists)	
By Paul Kresh	46
Dance, Ho! The Summer's Harvest for Balletomaniacs	
By C. J. Luten	16

DEPARTMENTS

From The Editor	4
Other Reviews (Mono & Stereo)	18
Book Reviews	
The New Oxford History of Music, Volume III; The Music of Arthur Sullivan; Songs of the Civil War	50
Sound Ideas	54
Da Capo	56
Stereotape Reviews	58
The Month's Jazz	60
Sweet and Singing	62
Unlikely Corners	
London's New "Phase 4"	64
Folk Music	
A Seasonal Roundup of Jewish Recordings (See also p. 52)	66
Readers' Exchange	69
SUBSCRIPTION COUPONS	40

FROM THE EDITOR:

FUNNY how issues seem to fall together. All of a sudden I had enough pieces on music *vis-à-vis* science to make up a sort of special science number. Why not? Who among us is not interested in science these days? I guess we had better be, to state it another way. Besides, going over our subscription lists I was amazed at the incidence of physicians, atomic physicists, mathematicians, and the like, and these in particular should be fascinated by the correlation of interest in music and science that may be inferred from Mr. Purcell's article. Mr. Cohn's is especially for science-fiction fans, although "*Unaria*" seems to be worthwhile on its musical merits alone. Mr. Diether's piece will hold special fascination for the psychologists and psychiatrists among our readership. And the roundup by Mr. Kresh—well, I guess that speaks for itself, as it were. I might also call your attention to the review of London's "Phase 4" Stereo on page 64. If the phonographic science can be raised to such a level of excellence there is hope for it as an art. . . My favorite headline this past month was atop a front-page story in the industry trade journal *Billboard*. Referring to the time available for playing records over the nation's radio stations, it proclaimed as big as life: GRADUAL SHIFT TO 'GOOD MUSIC' CREATES QUANDARY FOR POP LABELS. Now there is a turnabout for you. Imagine the Tin Pan Alley crowd being worried about the encroachment of longhairs. . . Too long absent from the ARG, "The Third Ear" (i.e., C. Victor Campos) will return in October with an extensive report on the Dynaco "Stereo Seventy" amplifier. The article will be accompanied with no less than thirty graphs and photos, which may make it the most formidably documented audio case study in history—until Victor turns in his next one, which will deal with one of Saul Marantz's electronic Rolls-Royces. . . Congratulations to the redoubtable composer-commentator Gunther Schuller, who has been appointed recordings critic of the plush new *Show*

Business Illustrated. . . The good news about Westminster's returning to life via Am-Par gets better and better—not only will some 400 discs be released this fall, but *another* 400 will be available on special order. The new owners realize that it would be impractical in the extreme to maintain a large catalogue of esoterica, but at the same time they recognize the importance of such material in terms of prestige and they want to win back the connoisseurs who were the backbone of the old Westminster. The list (which will undoubtedly include two dozen volumes of Scarlatti Sonatas) should be announced in a month or so. . . The Naumburg Foundation's prize piece this year is the Second Symphony by George Rochberg. It will be recorded by Columbia later this year when the New York Philharmonic performs it under the winner of the same Foundation's conducting award, Werner Torkanowsky. . . I was pleased to read that a federal court in Maryland had found for H. H. Scott in the action involving another firm's use of the same surname. It takes a good long while and a lot of hard work to make a name worth something, and Hermon Hosmer Scott's is one of the most honored in the audio hall of fame. . . That reminds me to pass along this item: A lady in Blackfoot, Idaho, recently addressed a letter to "The Record Guide of America, New York". It was delivered promptly to us. How's that for renown, considering that we are not even listed in the Manhattan telephone directory? . . . I know that all of you will join me in extending "get well quick" wishes to John Conly, former Editor of *High Fidelity*, who has been recuperating from a painful operation in a New York hospital. . . At press time a lot of overdue reviews started pouring in from various vacation spots, so look for a fat issue next month. . . The many discophiles who share my affection for Henry Gage will be pleased to hear that he is now associated with Music Masters, in mid-Manhattan, happily surrounded by the records and books he knows so well.—J.L.

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Music and Men of Science



The great physician (and accomplished amateur musician) Herman Boerhaave lecturing to medical students at Leyden during the early 18th century

By WILLIAM L. PURCELL

IN ONE OF the great passages of philosophical literature, the Introductory Epistle to *De L'Infinito Universo et Mondi* (1584), Giordano Bruno confesses that "it is Unity that doth enchant me. By her power I am free though thrall, happy in sorrow, rich in poverty, and quick even in death. Through her virtue I envy not those who are bond though free, who grieve in the midst of pleasures, who endure poverty in their wealth. . . They carry their chains with them. . ."¹ This vision of a basic intellectual unity that underlies the phenomena of the world is a fundamental drive in every man of pure science; like music and art, it proceeds from the imagination and is governed by the instinct for harmony and beauty, and since the pursuit of things remote from the interests of everyday life must forever remain beyond the comprehension of most mortals, the scientist like the musician is generally a lonely and misunderstood figure in any society. This true nature of science is unfortunately obscured in the popular mind by applications that enhance our physical comfort and efficiency or threaten our destruction. The educated man of humanistic tradition—the man of letters, historian, artist, musician—often failing to make the distinction between pure science and pure mathematics on the one hand and inventions, gadgets, cures, and weapons on the other, seldom realizes that there is no proper connection between the two; that

to the scientific genius science is as pure an activity, and directed by the same love of unity, harmony, and beauty as, say, music; that only the media of expression and laws of procedure are different. We can be thankful for the applications of scientific principles that give us control of our environment and, like the phonograph and printed book, may contribute indispensably to the higher life, but such things are only a by-product of science and belong to the realm of invention and technology. They are of little interest to the scientist as scientist because they represent theoretical territory already won and therefore not worth further time and consideration. If economic necessity forces him to engage in the devising of technological applications or in practical research—and few of us are economically independent—it is drudgery similar to the teaching of youthful mediocrity by the creative musician.

The late Curt Sachs, in his brilliant book on the "Commonwealth of Art", demonstrates stylistic unity between music and the other arts at a given period. Spengler has traced a parallel between the development of European music and mathematics. May not these generalizations be extended eventually to include all of science as well as mathematics as approaches by the same human spirit to the reality of the world? The kinship between music and mathematics is envisioned by the English mathematician, James J. Sylvester (1814-97) who asks "may not Music be described as the Mathematic of sense, Mathematic as music of the reason? Thus the musician feels Mathematic, the mathematician

¹Singer, Dorothea W.: *Giordano Bruno, His Life and Thought with Annotated Translation of His Work On the Infinite Universe and Worlds*. New York, Henry Schuman, 1950, p. 229.

thinks Music—Music the dream, Mathematic the waking life—each to receive its consummation from the other when the human intelligence, elevated to its perfect type, shall shine forth glorified in some future Mozart-Dirichlet or Beethoven-Gauss.² This relationship is confirmed by Igor Stravinsky, who tells us that "the way composers think—the way I think—is, it seems to me, not very different from mathematical thinking. I was aware of the similarity of these two modes while I was still a student; and, incidentally, mathematics was the subject that most interested me in school."³ J. W. N. Sullivan, later to be discussed, insists upon the aesthetic nature of science and mathematics in such characteristic passages as "the language of esthetics is never far to seek in the writings of mathematicians",⁴ and he goes on to remark that "for science to have inspired such ardor and devotion in men it is obvious that it must meet one of the deepest needs of human nature. This need manifests itself as the desire for beauty. It is in its esthetic aspect that the chief charm of science resides."⁵ We remember that science as an art is one of the main themes of Havelock Ellis' *The Dance of Life*, in which book is discussed Albert Einstein's love of music.

The aesthetic appeal of natural history is well recognized and embodied in thousands of books, such as J. J. Audubon's elephant folios on the birds of America and E. Haeckel's *Kunstformen der Natur*. The basic unity of the organic world with mathematics and artistic creation has been declared by a German scientific writer of a former generation who states that "the deepest power of Beethoven's music, or Goethe's poetry, or Raphael's painting, or Michael Angelo's sculpture is a mysterious revelation of the most subtle mathematical relations and effects—produced without conscious perception of these relations, though a human mind is at work in them.

In spite of all our 'consciousness', the obscure intuitive power at work in these human artistic achievements differs very little from the curious force with which a radiolarian builds up its little house in the deep sea or a caseworm fits on its fine, rhythmic, snail-like coat. In both we have the same profound, crystal-like constructive power that brought forth the wings of the butterfly, the feathers of the bird, the bodily frame of all the animals and plants, that harmonizes so well with strict mathematical forms. In Beethoven and Raphael it is not more conscious, or unconscious, not clearer and vaguer, not more mystical or more natural, than in the poorest worm or the microscopically small radiolarian."⁶

Whereas to the ordinary, practical man the main drives of action are for comfort, wealth, and social status, to the scientist it is a vision of unity reached through knowledge in accordance with the inductive method of analysis and experiment; he is an instrument in the expression of truth and he would not care, he could not help himself, if the truth brought his destruction. It never does. For the further he penetrates the more apparent it becomes that the universe is supremely rational, that harmony and beauty are integral with its structure. So far from knowledge increasing sorrow, knowledge leads to ecstasy because reality, the sum total of objective truth, may be a function of perfection. Scientific advance never compromises the instinct for rightness. This is what Bruno knew in the passage quoted above, and it is more or less the conviction of every man of science. It is generally not understood by the layman because he will not view nature impersonally but through the distortion of his egotistic desires. George Sarton has pointed out that "men understand the world in different ways. The main difference lies in this, that some men are more abstract-minded, and they naturally think first of unity and of God, or wholeness, of infinity and other such concepts, while the minds of other men are

²Quoted in Eric T. Bell's *Men of Mathematics*, New York, Simon and Schuster, 1937, pp. 404-405.

³Igor Stravinsky & Robert Craft: *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*, New York, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1959, p. 17.

⁴J. W. N. Sullivan: *Limitations of Science*, New York, Viking Press, 1934, pp. 262-263.

⁵Wilhelm Bölsche: *Haeckel, His Life and Work*, Philadelphia, George W. Jacobs & Co., n.d., pp. 215-216.



Sir William Herschel at the age of 46

concrete and they cogitate about health and disease, profit and loss. They invent gadgets and remedies; they are less interested in knowing anything than in applying whatever knowledge they may already have to practical problems; they try to make things work and pay, to heal and teach.⁶

Scientists, therefore, are dreamers or abstract-minded no less than musicians and other artists, and the fact that not every scientist is a lover of music or every musician a lover of science is a testimony to the imperfection of the human mind rather than to a qualitative difference between the two fields. Science is concerned with the outer world and music and mathematics with the inner, and it is the interaction of the two that stimulates growth in the consciousness of man.

Of the thousands of scientists who love music⁷, six unlike figures from mostly different periods of history are chosen for brief comment. Each of these men, Boerhaave, Herschel, Borodin, Sullivan, Koprowski, and Sarton, possesses a type of mind that transcends the narrow professional outlook and embraces music and

science as harmonious elements of a higher unity of understanding.

Herman Boerhaave (1668-1738), a Dutchman, was the most famous physician in Europe in the early 18th century, great both as a healer and as a teacher, and one of the earliest doctors known to have loved music. As a scholar Boerhaave was noted as a linguist and was familiar with botany, chemistry, philosophy, history, literature, art, and music in addition to medical subjects. Pupils flocked to him at Leyden from all over the world and his practice was so extensive that he became enormously wealthy; his books, as *Institutiones Medicae* (1708) and *Aphorismi* (1709) were read throughout Europe and translated even into Arabic. A Chinese mandarin sent him a letter addressed to "Boerhaave in Europe" and it reached him in due course. When Peter the Great was in Holland in 1715 to learn shipbuilding⁸, he too became a pupil of Boerhaave. Like Molière, the Dutch physician recognized the shortcomings of his profession and declared that "if we compare the good which a half-dozen true sons of Aesculapius have accomplished since the origin of medical art upon the earth with the evil which the immense mass of doctors of this profession among the human race have done, there can be no doubt that it would have been far better if there had never been any physicians in the world."⁹ It is reported that no doctor took exception to this caustic observation as each imagined himself to be among the excepted six.

As a musician Boerhaave "when weary revived himself with music, his most delightful entertainment; being not only a good performer on several instruments, particularly the lute, which he accompanied also with his voice, but a good theorist likewise in the science, having read the ancient and best modern authours on the subject, as appears by lectures he gave on sound and hearing; and during the winter he had once a week a concert at his own house, to which by turns were invited

⁶A *History of Science*, Vol. 1, Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1952, p.xii.

⁷Some medical men who loved music are discussed in Willard Marmelszadt's *Musical Sons of Aesculapius*, New York, Froben Press, 1946.

⁸Record collectors need hardly be reminded of Albert Lortzing's delightful comic opera on this subject, "Zar und Zimmermann". Decca DX-129.

⁹Quoted in Victor Robinson's *Story of Medicine*, New York, Tudor Publishing Co., 1931, p. 329.



Borodin—from the painting by Repin

some select acquaintance of both sexes, and likewise patients of distinction from other countries."¹⁰

Sir William Herschel (1738-1822)

In the same year that Boerhaave died there was born at Hanover one Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel, who, after a professional career as a musician—he played the oboe, violin, organ, and harpsichord, and was a composer and teacher—became one of the world's greatest astronomers. Herschel's father was a musician, an oboist in the band of the Hanoverian Foot Guards, and of the five others in the family four possessed outstanding musical talent and were professional musicians. In 1757 young William and his older brother Jacob went to London where, like Handel a generation earlier, they settled as musicians. William engaged in composition and like a true 18th-century composer was able at one time to complete seven symphonies [overtures] in as many months. From 1762 to 1766 Herschel was concert manager of the Leeds Orchestra in a position that involved choice of programs, conducting and rehearsing the orchestra, and training the musicians. In 1766 he accepted posts as church organist first at Halifax and then at Bath. All this time his mind was active in many fields besides music; the study of musical theory led him to mathematics,

this to optics, and finally to astronomy.

In 1782, at the age of 44, when he had become famous as an astronomer, Herschel gave up music entirely as a profession to devote his energy to a study of the stars. He built his own telescopes, since good instruments were not otherwise available, and this involved the tedious work of grinding lenses and casting mirrors that were made of an alloy of tin and copper. In 1789 he completed a reflector telescope of 40 feet focal length with a mirror four feet in diameter and this was the largest telescope in the world, a scientific curiosity and wonder. Herschel's most spectacular achievement was undoubtedly the discovery of the planet Uranus in 1781. All the other planets of our solar system that were then recognized had been known to man since prehistoric times, and although a few individuals had seen Uranus before, as the astronomer Flamsteed, no one had realized its significance until Herschel viewed this planet. His discovery won him the patronage of the king, George III, as well as the Copley Medal and membership in the Royal Society. Joseph Haydn visited Herschel on June 15, 1792, and tells about the astronomer and his telescopes in the *First London Notebook* recently reprinted.¹¹

On clear winter nights when Herschel was seated at the reflector of his telescope accompanied by his faithful sister Caroline—who was an astronomer in her own right and had given up music as a profession—the ink sometimes froze in the bottle in Caroline Herschel's hand but the two scientists had more important things to engage their attention than physical discomfort. Due to Herschel's observations, the known dimensions of the cosmos were expanded many thousands of times from what they were previously, and it is as the father of sidereal astronomy that his fame chiefly lies.

Alexander Borodin (1833-1887)

In the case of Borodin the careers of scientist and musician were not successive,

¹⁰Quoted in George Sarton's *The Life of Sciences*. New York, Henry Schuman, 1948, p. 16.

¹¹H. C. Robbins Landon: *Collected Correspondence and London Notebooks of Joseph Haydn*. London, Barrie & Rockliff; New York, Essential Books, 1959, p. 254-255.

as with Herschel, but simultaneous. Borodin is immortal today as the composer of "Prince Igor", symphonies, quartets, *In the Steppes of Central Asia*, and some songs, but in his lifetime he was equally prominent as a chemist and science teacher. He obtained his medical degree at the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine in 1858 and later taught there as a professor. Like Ashley Montagu in our day, Borodin had the brains and courage to challenge the absurd prejudice that placed woman in an inferior status to man. He may not have grasped the obvious (when pointed out) fact of woman's natural superiority to man, but he did advocate equal educational rights and helped found, and lectured in, a medical school for women. An excellent account of Borodin's scientific work was written by George Sarton and published in *Osiris*, 7:225-260, 1939.

**John William Navin Sullivan
(1886-1937)**

J. W. N. Sullivan ranks not as a creative scientist, mathematician, or musician but as a creative philosopher of these fields, and his many books show a remarkable gift for lucid thought and exposition. He was born in London and, although his mathematical ability and power of concentration were manifest in school days, he was employed at the age of 14 by a telegraph company and thereafter pursued his formal education only on the side. He published his first book in 1917 (a novel entitled *An Attempt at Life*), and then in 1922 he began the remarkable series of science essays in book form with *Aspects of Science*, a second series in 1925, *Atoms and Electrons* (1924), a little book on the *History of Mathematics in Europe*, (1925) and then several books on astronomy, *Limitations of Science*, (1933), and a biography of Isaac Newton (1938). An autobiographical novel, *But for the Grace of God*, (1932), throws a considerable light on his life and thought.

Sullivan was one of the first to recognize in the Relativity theories a world-view of enormously greater enchantment than the Newtonian, which is somewhat too commonplace for satisfaction on any but the practical level (it facilitates calculation). That our world actually conforms to a type

of non-Euclidean and n-dimensional geometry is a fact of great poetic meaning. Sullivan met Einstein in Berlin in 1924, and two years later was published *Three Men Discuss Relativity*, which is one of the few good popular expositions of this subject.

All this while Sullivan was considerably interested in music. In 1927 appeared his masterpiece, one of the classics of music literature, *Beethoven: His Spiritual Development*. In this book Sullivan takes issue with the prevalent materialistic outlook of aesthetic theory that would deprive music of significance beyond the pleasure of sound. He points out that Beethoven was a firm believer in the "revelation" theory of art which holds that music, no less than science, is a way of communicating knowledge about reality. "The highest art has a transcendental function, as science has. In saying this, however, we must be careful to distinguish between these functions. We cannot say that art communicates knowledge, as science does, for we should be open to the objection made to the revelation theory of art that we cannot say what the revelation is of. But what art does do is to communicate to us an attitude, an attitude taken up by the artist consequent upon his perceptions, which perceptions may be perceptions of factors in reality. . . . Beethoven does not communicate to us his perceptions or his experiences. He communicates to us the attitude based on them."¹²

In the last four years of his life Sullivan was the victim of multiple sclerosis, from which he died at the early age of 51.

Hilary Koprowski (1916-)

In these days of specialized interests, when culture is as fragmentary as the field of a profession, a visitor to the Wistar Institute in Philadelphia might be surprised, should he wander into the conference room from the anatomical museum, to observe a collection of Chopiniana, books and facsimile editions of Chopin scores. In the Director's office—it is to

(Continued on page 44)

¹²*Beethoven: His Spiritual Development*. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1936, p. 23.

*Is music really an abstract art,
as Ned Rorem says, or is it—*

A Language of the Subconscious?

By JACK DIETHER

IN ARTISTIC matters, it is often far easier to make comparative analogies than to give useful self-contained definitions, and Ned Rorem gives us an excellent example of this. In comparing the aesthetics of music with that of painting, he manages to deal in quite varied terms with what music is *not*. But, like many practicing musicians both creative and re-creative, he seldom really comes to terms with what music *is*, from the aesthetic viewpoint.

"Music's power lies in an absence of human significance", he writes, without further qualification. And again: "Essentially music is abstract and painting is representational, despite what we hear to the contrary. . . . Music has no intellectual significance, no meaning outside itself. . . . I believe that painting does have meaning outside itself. When abstract painters profess a striving to eliminate representation, their very effort implies camouflage."

This naive dissociation of music from nature, in contradistinction to the other arts, is characteristic of many composers and performers today, though it does not do the slightest harm to their creative or professional artistry, as a rule. Unfortunately, it plays into the hands of the conservative critic who is equally naive, and who habitually tends to make a shal-

As regular readers know, our Mr. Diether often addresses himself to extra-musical (dare one say scientific?) considerations, not only in these pages but also in such professional journals as Psychoanalysis. The present article started out as a letter to The Editor, but grew too long. It was prompted by Ned Rorem's stimulating essay, "Pictures and Pieces", which appeared here in the July issue.

low, surface evaluation of what he hears. This happens because such critics are essentially frustrated academicians who have never graduated psychologically. They rightly feel that the artists and composers, by their insistence on music's abstract "purity", have given them *carte blanche* to weigh everything, however creative, in the academic balance of the time and find it wanting. If music has no "human significance", then nothing matters except the rules; and thus the reasoning of the artist is turned against his own creation by the critical rear guard (or conversely by the compulsive *nouveau faddist*).

And so, by way of helping to protect the instinctive artist from the consequences of his own intellectual naiveté, I ask him to consider seriously *how* the power of music, or of any other art, could possibly lie in *an absence of human significance*. The power in question is a human phenomenon, and logic instructs us that a force can never be produced simply by a lack of force. "Nothing will come of nothing", as King Lear said, with a truth far transcending the meaning he intended. Obviously, then, the "absence of human significance" is an artifact—an apparenly concealing a deeper significance. This deeper significance peeps out continually throughout Mr. Rorem's article, without his ever coming to grips with it.

Music has justly been called the language of feeling, of emotion, *par excellence*. But Rorem touches on this only twice. At one point he quotes Hindemith about it without really absorbing what Hindemith is saying—possibly because Hindemith himself only goes half way. If Hindemith had gone all the way, perhaps he wouldn't have quoted him at all! At another place, referring to "general mood", he writes: "We don't disagree on what is termed joyous,

tragic or ecstatic, except when we read into the style of one musical period that which refers to another." He points out, for example, that "in recent western music 'minor' means sad, though it had no such suggestion three hundred years ago." Each century, he says, gives conventional symbols for general mood. But the fact that an *individual* piece of music has a long-term emotional specificity which far exceeds these "conventional symbols" reveals itself unwittingly in the follow-up: "Even today, who is saddened by the completely minor carol *God Rest You Merry Gentlemen?*" Emotionally speaking, music virtually begins where words leave off. It is abstract only in literal terms, in the sense that *words* are too vague for what music expresses. Rorem's article argues only that music is too vague for what words and pictures express, which hardly needs demonstrating.

I think the confusion arises from the fact that the conscious intellect can often make little of the fleeting play of emotions that takes place on the threshold of consciousness. What cannot be grasped and held by the intellect is deemed abstract; it may be far from so to the subconscious mind. It is especially easy to insist on the abstractness of music when one is comparing it to the representationalism of painting, because music is obviously not representational in *that* way. Rorem observes that when a painter makes an "abstract" painting, "his very effort implies camouflage." But he fails to see that exactly the same thing can be said of the composer who strongly desires his music to be apprehended as pure abstraction. He doesn't see it because below the conscious level the essential language of music is entirely symbolic ("camouflaged"), while that of painting is only partly so. What we refer to as absolute music has an emotional content which bypasses the intellectual content of words altogether, and this is the state which modern abstract painters aspire to, consciously or otherwise, in bypassing the explicit content of recognizable images. They wish to make painting express emotion more directly, just as music has always done—or else, like our modern composer, they merely wish it

to be "abstract", not realizing that the more abstract one is, the more wholly subjective he becomes. After saying of the abstract painters that "their very effort implies camouflage", Rorem makes the following antithesis: "A musician feels no compunction to disguise 'subject matter', and might even attempt to reveal it, safely assured that logicians will never decipher his secret thoughts. No inquisition can intelligibly reproach a composer as it can a Goya for subversive or obscene notions."

The last part of this is simply an extension of Robert Schumann's sage observation that "revolution could be contained within the four walls of a symphony, and the police would be none the wiser." But Rorem's assumption that the composer himself is in full, rational control of all this is the most naïve of all. The involuntary function of symbolism is to conceal the true meaning of the creation not merely from the audience, but from its creator as well. Our music grows on such involuntary symbolism, and the more developed and complex the music becomes, the more elaborate is the camouflage. Since the composer's intended "subject matter" (*i.e.*, the vocal text, or the "program" of an instrumental work, whether revealed or withheld) may have no direct connection with this underlying, unconscious symbolism, it follows that the composer has no conscious choice in the revealing or concealing of the latter. The listener in turn responds to his music, positively or negatively according to *his* makeup, usually without knowing anything more about this hidden side of the creation than the composer does.

What makes a real composer, then, is his initial faculty for expressing every layer of his unique personality, conscious and unconscious (what Mahler termed the "integral being"), in terms of music: *his* music and his alone. This is the mysterious faculty the origin of which we still do not understand, but which those who love music instinctively recognize when they hear it. What makes a bad music critic is a writer who does not love music, or is trying to work out some internal conflict about it

(Continued on page 42)



Science fiction set to music—

Blomdahl's extraordinary opera

By ARTHUR COHN

IN THESE DAYS when the pretty languors of lacy nationalism and plangent Shostakovichism bring in the biggest box-office rewards it is not strange that the name of Karl-Birger Blomdahl is practically unknown. But there have been important doings in the Scandinavian countries and Blomdahl's output deserves attention from all types of music-making organizations. With *"Aniara"* his full impact has been made.

Deservedly, there has been much talk about this "epic of space flight in 2038

A.D.", and there is no doubting the timeliness of the subject matter—"a revue of mankind in space-time". Moreover, *"Aniara"* is magnificent theater, fascinating music, and a work of art in the highest sense of definition, existing in terms of modern speech and minus any panhandled patchwork.

Though music is constantly being explained as an "international" language, the point remains that music from Norway, Sweden, *et al.*, is primitively bound in too many minds as meaning Sibelius to the

BLOMDAHL: *"Aniara"*; Margareta Hallin (The Blind Poetess—Coloratura Soprano), Kjerstin Dellert (Daisi Doody and La Garçonne—Soprano), Erik Saedén (The Mimarobe—Basso Cantante), Arne Tyrén (Chefone I and II—Baritone), Sven Erik Vikström (Chief Technician I—Lyric Tenor), Kolbjörn Höieth (Chief Technician II—Tenor),

Bo Lundborg (Chief Technician III—Baritone), Olle Sivall (Sandon the Comedian—Tenor Buffo), Space Cadets, Passengers, others (soloists from the Royal Opera, Stockholm); Chorus and Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper conducted by Werner Janssen. Columbia set M2L-405, four sides, \$9.96, or Stereo M2S-902, \$11.96.

North and Grieg to the South. It is only recently that Nielsen has been permitted his place in this narrow geographic observation. But each of the Scandinavian countries now possesses composers of first rank, working in varying techniques, bound together (if they must be) by an essential motivation: abjuration of trite, tinkly nationalism and, instead, affirmation of the native spirit with contemporary techniques.

Blomdahl first came into the spotlight by the selection of his music for performance at several ISCM festivals. Though much of the music at these affairs dies the natural death brought about by unnatural birth, the selective process is already of sufficient importance to the follower of contemporary matters. Allowing the use of a guidepost without indicating that this means sheer mimicry, Blomdahl is initially to be placed in the Hindemithian coterie. This reference to architectural solidity and serrated tonal tools has been retained in his work as he progressed to a serial condition in his compositions. But the word "serial" is in Blomdahl's case a many-leveled operation. It is not the single decree of organization,

but part of the working process, used in organizing the total, by way of distribution, comparison, and contrast. It will be recognized as a stimulant in "*Aniara*", where serial forms are the pivots on which certain dramatic moments revolve. And no better sound-definition could be utilized (unless a supra-chromatic idea, which is too fussy and represents a poor bargain).

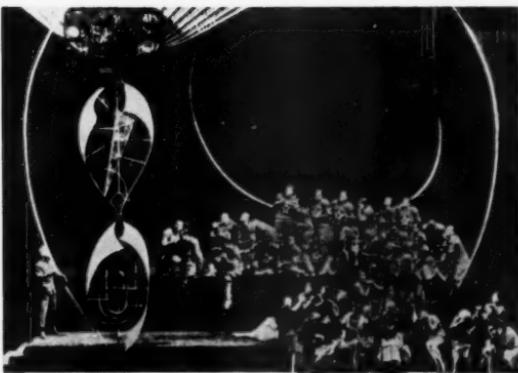
This opera is based on an epic set of 103 poems by Harry Martinson, adapted by Erik Lindegren. It is an acute piece of science drama, and one hopes that the fiction will never become truth. "*Aniara*" is a space ship with 8,000 people on board, on its way to Mars from Earth, now totally radioactive. The ship goes off course and eventually all the passengers realize death will be the end of the journey. The allegorical partnership is most evident: mankind demolishing itself, gone astray, helpless and hopeless.

Blomdahl does not depend on strict character personality or plot conflict between persons; rather, he uses his individuals as part of a total collective force, each a symbol within the mass. Thus, the Mimarobe, who functions as a narrator

(Continued on page 41)



Three scenes inside the space ship *Aniara*: below, the great hall of Mima, an engineering marvel to which the doomed passengers turn as if it were a god; above, left, Erik Saerlen as The Mimarobe, keeper of the superhuman machine and chief engineer of the ill-fated vessel; below, left, Kjerstin Dellert as Daisi Doody, the irrepressible dancing girl. —Photos from the Royal Opera, Stockholm



The summer's harvest of releases for balletomanes

By C. J. LUTEN

THE releases reviewed here represent by no means all the albums of ballet music that were distributed this past summer; nevertheless this list reflects the record companies' conviction that interest in the dance is at its zenith (with the real new high not yet in sight). Not too many years ago, these releases might have been more ballet product than the market could have digested during the warm months. One may always expect a few familiar nosegays and the latest potted versions of the canonized full-length classics in a typical latter day summer harvest—but hardly ever in the old days would one have seen a complete ballet launched in July, and never, certainly, two.

In the record trade, there has been a fossilized notion that listeners' brains go

through a period of dry rot during the summer months that prevents them from accepting any multiple set of records. If, as it seems, ballet has become an exception, this crack in the dike of resistance against dispensing musical nourishment when the living is easy might one day grow larger. Who knows what might float through then?

But back to what we have now. Beginning with the complete sets, one's thoughts turn first to the new Bolshoi presentation of *Nutcracker*, primarily because of its musical persuasiveness and security of style, secondly because it represents new attainments in the art of recording in the Soviet Union. Rozhdestvensky leads a genial, lyrical performance that builds as it goes along. In the early Christmas party scenes, his phrasing

Ballet Music from the Operas. **VERDI:** "Aida"—*Ballet Music, Act 2*; **MUSSORGSKY:** "Khovantschina"—*Dances of the Persian Slaves, Act 4*; **BORODIN:** "Prince Igor"—*Dance of the Polovtsian Maidens and the Polovtsian Dances, Act 2*; **PONCHIELLI:** "La Gioconda"—*Dance of the Hours, Act 3*; **WAGNER:** "Tannhäuser"—*Venusberg Music, Act 1*; Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Angel Stereo S-35925, \$5.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Swan Lake* (Excerpts); Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari. London Stereo CS-6218, \$2.98 (special price).

DELIBES: *Sylvia* and *Coppélia* (Ex-

cerpts); Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Hugo Rignold. RCA Victor LM-2485, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2485, \$5.98.

CHOPIN: *Les Sylphides*; **PONCHIELLI:** "La Gioconda"—*Dance of the Hours*; **MEYERBEER:** *Les Patineurs*; Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Charles Mackerras. Angel Stereo S-35833, \$5.98.

ADAM: *Giselle* (complete); London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari. Mercury Stereo set SR2-9011, four sides, \$11.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Nutcracker* (complete); Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky. Artia Stereo set ALP(S) 180/1, four sides, \$11.98.

needs more pointing and there is an absence of "go" to almost every number; but once the *Transformation Scene* is reached Rozhdestvensky, perhaps affected a bit himself by the magic of it all, gives us more brilliance, more *brio*, a decidedly stronger infusion of theatrical color than before which is sustained throughout the remainder of the score. The orchestra's ensemble is somewhat ragged here and there and, of course, the solo oboe and horns, typical of those in all Russian bands, are sometimes disagreeable in tone; but the Bolshoi, as you would expect, respects, understands, and communicates its pleasure in playing Tchaikovsky, and this alone would make this set worth-while. The recording, too, is worthy—buttery-smooth in texture and distinct as to timbre in every bar except where cymbals must be dealt with. These latter tend to shatter in *fortissimo* passages.

Giselle, the work that Cyril Beaumont calls the "supreme achievement of the Romantic Ballet" and that Edwin Denby has dubbed "ballet's Hamlet", has not wanted for representation in the Schwann; but it is certain that it has never had until now such a stunning recording. Were Fistoulari's direction as resplendent—more elegant, more passionate than it is—this would be the *Giselle* to end them all. As it is, the set will recommend itself mainly to those who buy the latest fine "sound" regardless of musical considerations. Those who admire this faded but still lovely and graceful score will prefer the Fayer performance on Angel.

Fistoulari does much better with *Swan Lake*; his temperament, background, and skills are, after all, better suited to it. With the help of the Concertgebouw, here in fine fettle, and with superb recording from London, he has accomplished something that is worth \$2.98 of anyone's money (this disc is being introduced at a special promotional price). He uses the standard Drigo version rather than the original Tchaikovsky, which is the better one. But the Drigo is so very familiar that few are apt to be dissatisfied. I have two quarrels with the labeling on this disc. The *Pas de Deux* (No. 5, a first-act

dance for peasants in the original version, the famous Black Swan episode in the Petipa classic) is not given in full, as one would think from reading the label. In fact, one gets only a piece of the *Adagio*, and it is not begun at its beginning. And No. 13e is not the *Dance of the Little Swans*, as labeled, but rather the famous second-act *pas de deux*.

The excerpts from Delibes' two ballet classics on the RCA label are enjoyable only for the pleasure of hearing a French orchestra play them. The music was created for such sonorities, and these make up the tonal dress that best becomes it. The conducting of Hugo Rignold is depressingly stolid, despite its neatness—so much so that I turned to an older RCA disc of this music conducted by Pierre Monteux to remind myself how sparkling these scores can be in authoritative and affectionate hands. This new recording is handsome, but frequently the surfaces are noisy.

The Angel disc directed by Charles Mackerras is, I fear, just another good-sounding program of ballet music. The Gordon Jacob orchestration of *Sylphides* is employed. Made for the Sadler's Wells Ballet revival in 1930, it is over-brilliant for my taste and not consistent with the muted poetry of Fokine's choreographic invention.

Best of all the issues at hand is a stereo release of a previously available monophonic album entitled *Ballet Music From the Operas*. Here we have unforgettable performances by Karajan and the Philharmonia of the Polovtsian sequences (unequaled since Beecham's 78s) and the *Venusberg Music*. The latter is patrician, accentuating clarity of texture and acoustical values with an ease of movement without ever sacrificing either the music's passion or its overwrought body temperature—which is, after all, the secret of its durable charm. Indeed, these two contributions stand as achievements notable for a spontaneity the celebrated Karajan many times fails to give us, and, as such, must bear the highest recommendation. The remainder of this disc is enjoyable and distinguished by polished execution.

Other Reviews

(including stereo®)

THERE IS IN SOULS a sympathy with sounds, and as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased with melting airs or martial, brisk or grave; some chord in unison with what we hear is touched within us, and the heart replies.

—William Cowper

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata No. 5 in F, Op. 24 ("Spring"); Sonata for Violin and Piano No. 9 in A, Op. 47 ("Kreutzer");* Yehudi Menuhin (violin), Hephzibah Menuhin (piano). Capitol Stereo SG-7246, \$5.98.
(Nos. 5 and 9)
Szeryng, Rubinstein.....RCA Victor LSC-2377

(No. 5)
Milstein, Firkusny.....Capitol SPBR-8502

®SUPERB performances of these oft-recorded works. The "Spring" is indescribably beautiful as these artists play it. Not even Milstein and Firkusny manage to convey quite the warmth and gentle beauty of this work to the degree that the Menuhins manage. The violinist's tone is supremely clean and beautiful, while the pianist ripples along with an ease and fluency that are awesome. Frankly, I have never heard the Sonata's soubriquet so completely lived up to as in this performance. The "Kreutzer" begins somewhat perversely, with brother and sister not in perfect agreement, but once the presto section is fully under way the playing becomes perfectly unified and tremendously exciting. This is a "Kreutzer" which conveys many moods to perfection. The first movement is charged with a thrillingly tense drama; the *andante* is relaxed and elegantly bittersweet; the finale is filled with an almost bumptious rustic gaiety. The violinist is particularly successful in changing the size of his tone to suit each of these situations, but to spend more time praising one Menuhin than another would miss the

outstanding quality possessed by both performances, complete (with the one minor exception noted) rapport between two great artists. The stereo recording is splendidly handled, with the two instruments separated just enough to allow each to emerge with utmost clarity while not destroying the ensemble effect. —H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Wellington's Victory (Battle Symphony), Op. 91; Leonore Overture No. 3, Op. 72A; Prometheus Overture, Op. 43; Two 6-pound smoothbore bronze cannons; 12-pound howitzer; French Charleville-pattern muskets; British Brown Bess muskets (cannons and muskets courtesy of U. S. Military Academy, West Point, New York); Firing under the direction of Gerald C. Stone by the Reactivated Civil War Unit, Battery B, 2nd New Jersey Light Artillery; London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati.* Mercury Stereo LPS-9000, \$5.98.
(Wellington's Victory)

Gould.....RCA Victor LSC-2433

®IT seems that Beethoven's "Battle Symphony", considered by many of the cognoscenti to be one of the master's least attractive scores, is rapidly acquiring the status of an *1812 Overture*. The first stereo recording, issued last year by RCA Victor, was by Morton Gould and his orchestra, and now Mercury, with circus-like promotion, has issued another version, complete with authentic artillery of the period. The result is calculated to provide sound



URANIA SUGGESTS...

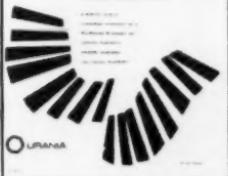
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WAGNER TANNHAUSER



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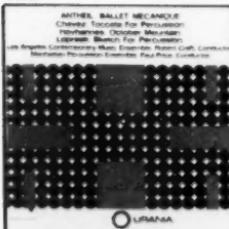
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UR-8011 — US-58011 —
GERSHWIN: Rhapsody in Blue;
LISZT: Hung. Rhapsody No. 2;
BARTH: Cornish Rhapsody; ENESCO:
Roumanian Rhapsody.

BOITO: MEFISTOFELE (Conductor) UR-211-2 — US-5211-2
Nelli, Panti, Neri — other soloists, Chorus and Orch. of the Milan Opera; Franco Capuana, Cond.



ST. SAENS: Symphony No. 3 in C Minor — Vienna Phil. Symph. UR-105 — US-5105
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J. STRAUSS: Waltzes — Polkas — Marches — Vienna Phil. Sym. UR-7065 — US-57065
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DREAMS OF THE ISLANDS — Sam Makia Hawaiians UR-9027 — US-59027
COLEMAN HAWKINS — Running Wild, etc. UR-1201 — US-41201

ANTHEIL: BALLET MECANIQUE; HOVHANESS: OCTOBER MOUNTAIN; LO PRESTI: SKETCH FOR PERCUSSION. UR-134 — US-5134 — Manhattan Percussion Ensemble — Paul Price, Cond.



OFFENBACH: LA GRAND DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN UR-115-2 — US-5115-2 — Eugenia Zareska, Giselle Prevet, other soloists, Paris Lyric Chorus, Pasdeloup Orch. — Leibowitz, Cond.

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fanciers with a field day and most music lovers with a headache, for in contrast to Gould's performance, in which the sounds of the battle are integrated *within* the music, the Mercury engineers have all but drowned the purely orchestral portion of Beethoven's crowd pleaser with their miniature battle.

Musically, Dorati's treatment, when it is audible, is a good deal faster and more tense than Gould's; it is an excellent performance in every respect, duplicated in the conductor's interpretation of the two overtures on the second side. Aside from the aforementioned imbalance, the reproduction of the orchestra is very good, the stereo effects well separated (it goes without saying that the battle itself is magnificently accomplished), but the quality of sound on the disc, a typical example of overcutting, is to my ears horribly shrill and requires a steep attenuation of the highs before one can listen in comfort.

A spoken commentary by Deems Taylor with examples of how the artillery was recorded is included as the last band of the second side, and, presumably for the kiddies, there is a paper cutout of both the English and French flags, which one is instructed to place on top of the right and left speakers respectively as "visual reminders".

—I.K.

BERLIOZ: *Overtures—The Roman Carnival, "Beatrice and Benedict", "The Corsair", "Benvenuto Cellini"; Royal Hunt and Storm from "The Trojans at Carthage"; Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch. RCA-Victor LM-2438, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2438, \$5.98. (44 mins.)*

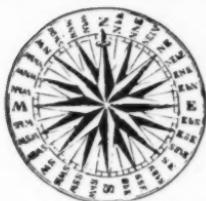
Martinon, Paris Con.....London CS-6101

§THE four overtures contained in this record exactly parallel those recorded earlier by Jean Martinon (available in London stereo only). Together they constitute the only current records devoted entirely or almost entirely to Berlioz overtures, and only one other overture is available at all: the Leningrad *Waverley*, in a mixed bag on Liberty mono 15002.

Munch is a staunch adherent of super-drive Berlioz, which works out variably here. He gives quite the most exciting



in september



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performance of "Beatrice and Benedict" you are likely to hear—if you can excuse his heavy-footed phrasing of the capricious main scherzando theme, which suggests a stumbling rather than a deft sparring. But the *Allegro* as a whole is vastly preferable to Martinon's too lethargic one. In "The Corsair", on the other hand, both Munch and Martinon fall prey to a high-speed rhythmic scramble not unlike that which frequently afflicts the "Dream of a Witches' Sabbath", annihilating Berlioz' galloping syncopations, and much else. The "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, and the *Roman Carnival* which is based on the same opera, are pushed to their extremity by Munch and the Boston players, though not beyond, and this may or may not be preferred to the occasionally more considered delivery of Martinon and the Conservatoire, who are certainly not lack-

ing in fire. Where Munch really shines is in filling out his record with an exquisite performance of the *Royal Hunt and Storm*—the hunting horns first dreamy and impressionistic, then livelier and more realistic against the bacchanale—a real contrast to the overtures, instead of the shopworn *Rákóczi March* superfluously inserted by Martinon.

The stereophonic depth realized in the RCA is more evocative in this *Hunt and Storm* (otherwise available only in Volume 1 of Beecham's "Lollipops"!), but very impressive throughout, combined as it is with an even greater immediacy of detail than the splendid-sounding London. Note, in RCA, the emergence of the soft but important plucked bass statement in the *Larghetto* of "Benvenuto Cellini", of the *tremolando* muted violin figure (*pp*) that accompanies the subsequent restatement

So Compact...



in the lower woodwind (*mf*), and similar points of clarification. Some of RCA's string *tutti* are a little coarse-grained, and the percussion sound is variable. The cymbals employed so liberally in the two Roman overtures are better on RCA, but the timpani are more effective on London. And when, at the climax of "Cellini", a thunderous bass drum is to add its punctuation marks to the timpani pounding out the entire G major chord, it is London that gets "to the bottom" of it; all you hear on RCA is more of those crashing cymbals heard already. —J.D.

COUPERIN: *Concert Royal No. 3; Concert Royal No. 4*; New York Chamber Soloists. Decca DL-10035, \$4.98, or Stereo DL-710035, \$5.98.

⑧ WRITTEN in the season 1714-1715, the *Concerts Royaux* were to be played at Ver-

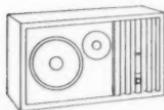
sailles for the Sunday afternoon delectation of Louis XIV. Each of the *Concerts Royaux* consists of a Prélude preceding a suite of dance pieces, in the first *Concert an Allemagne, Courante, Sarabande, Gavotte, Muzette, and Chaconne*. The second suite consists of an *Allemagne, Courante françoise, Courante à l'italienne, Sarabande, Rigaudon, and Forlane rondeau*. In the original edition, the *Concerts Royaux* are presented on two staves of keyboard notation. Couperin himself noted that the pieces go equally well on the violin, flute, oboe, viol, and bassoon, but did not specify where these instruments should play. Albert Fuller, the harpsichordist here, has prepared an edition using two violins, viola, cello, bass, oboe, flute, bassoon and, of course, harpsichord. His orchestration, if one can call it that, is highly successful, the timbre always appropriate and the resultant sound lucid and many colored. Decca's sound is admirable. —R.J.

HARKNESS: *Barcelona Suite; Gift of the Magi*; Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sylvan Levin. Vanguard VRS-1058, \$4.98, or Stereo VSD-2071, \$5.95.

⑧ FIRST impressions may be changed in time but most often they remain as the point of confirmation of a personality, and the same pertains to music. This disc introduces me to Miss Rebekah Harkness. I find her good company, if not over-stimulating. She is the perfect example of an excellent imitator (no condemnation; I think instantly of Volkmann encouraged by Schumann, Caplet's relationship to Debussy, etc.). She gives no consideration to new devices, running always along paths previously trodden. Her music has the well-ordered, well-sounding neutrality of the competent composer. The *Barcelona Suite* is of much more scope than the other composition. Its most definite asset is its orchestration which is from the school of Falla and Turina, but damn slick in its viewpoint. The *Gift of the Magi* was conceived as a ballet (I am again reminded of another composer; Lukas Foss wrote a ballet on the same subject which was not a success as a stage work; the music itself was charming.) Formal design in this case encases an artistic conception of generally

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light-hearted music. The performances are well done; the sound is excellent. It is pleasing to see the name of Sylvan Levin again. An exceedingly talented and expert conductor (it is not generally known that in great part he prepared the first American performance of "Wozzeck", given under Stokowski's baton), Levin has been overlooked in the hurry and scurry to stock our orchestras with many a second-rate import. The recording companies would do well to consider him. —A.C.

HAYDN: *Piano Sonatas, Volume 3; Sonatas Nos. 50, in C; 22, in E; 36, in C sharp minor; and 21, in C*; Artur Balsam (piano). Washington WR-432, \$4.98.

▲AS enjoyable a disc as I have heard this season, partly due to the pre-disposition that I was sitting down to listen to Balsam, not Haydn. How refreshing to find I can enjoy both together—no more let conservatory pupils approach such lively stuff with a metronome under one arm and duty under the other! The abundant humor of No. 50 is enough to chase away any common doldrum; No. 22 is all whimsy; No. 36 is full of surprises for the theorist; No. 21 is pleasant, if relatively ordinary. The variety of touch Balsam achieves never loses its fascination, and his way of "packaging" adjacent phrases is a constant delight. The engineering is a model of smoothness, and even the jacket notes by Dr. William B. Ober are unusually rewarding. A treat! —J.B.L.

JANNEQUIN: *Chant des oiseaux; Ou mette l'on un baiser; Chantons, sonnons trompettes; La plus belle de la ville; Ce sont gallans; Petite nymphe folastre; Réconfortez le petit coeur de moi; Quant je bois du vin claret; Au joli jeu; La Guerre; Assouvy-suis; Ouvrez l'huis; Quant j'étais quinze heures; Sur l'aubépin; Hélas mon Dieu; Bel aubépin; Pleut à Dieu; Si Dieu voulait*; The Montreal Bach Choir Society directed by George Little. Vox Stereo STDL-500710, \$4.98.

⑧NOW here is a real gem! Clément Jannequin (c.1485-c.1560) previously has

not had a full record to himself. The closest he had come to it is one side of an Archive disc (AC-3034) which offers seven of his *chansons* (including four of those here: *Petite nymphe folastre*, *Au joli jeu*, the perennial *Chant des oiseaux*, and the fabulous *La guerre*) in stirring performances—to which I would still give an edge of preference on most counts—by the Brussels Pro Musica Antiqua. Of course Jannequin has often figured in anthologies. Of the pieces on this record the two standbys are also available elsewhere, another good *La guerre* by the Deller Consort in a Bach Guild stereo release (BGS-5031), and *Le Chant des oiseaux* by Boulanger's group on a Decca record (DL-9629); and *La plus belle de la ville* is on an interesting mixed program on a Period disc (SPL-535) which one may still be able to find. But this greatest master of the French Renaissance polyphonic *chanson* has long deserved attention in his own right. With the present release he receives it with full justice. The program is an excellent and varied one, and aside from the inevitable duplications of standard selections the bulk of the contents is not currently available elsewhere. There is, of course, a certain question to be raised about performing this music with a full choir instead of a proper madrigal group, one singer to a part, as most of the recordings cited do. And certainly the trick here of letting solo voices sing the verses of *La plus belle de la ville* while the choir does only the refrains is not quite cricket, however well it is done. But such objections are best registered and then forgotten. This choir of French-Canadians sounds fairly small. Whatever its size, it is superbly disciplined, well-balanced, alert, precise, accurate in pitch, and wonderfully sensitive. The conductor leads with great spirit and delicacy. This is a group we simply must hear more of! The stereo sound is not so precisely directional as one might like, but once one adjusts to its frames of reference (the apparent placement of sections is, from left to right, ABTS) its well rounded fullness will give pleasure. The only shortcoming is the failure to provide any texts at all, or even



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translations—a bad mistake in a release of this literature. Otherwise, this is an outstanding record that can be enthusiastic ally and strongly recommended. —J.W.B.

MOZART: *Piano Concerto No. 13 in C, K. 415; Sonata in F, K. 280; Variations on "Ah vous dirai-je, Maman", K. 265;* Clara Haskil (piano); Lucerne Festival Strings; Rudolf Baumgartner, leader (in Concerto). Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18670, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPML-138670, \$6.98.

MOZART: *Piano Concerto No. 23 in A, K. 488; Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor, K. 491;* Wilhelm Kempff (piano); Bamberg Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ferdinand Leitner. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-138645, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPML-138646, \$6.98.

(K. 488)
Serkin, Schneider Columbia ML-5297
Haskil, Sacher Epic LC-3163

⑧THE death of Clara Haskil last December was a profound loss, for she was without question one of our greatest interpreters of Mozart. Of the too few records which she made, I have heard none which displays her unique artistry quite so effectively as this, which I hope was not her last. The playing throughout is projected with disarming simplicity and humor. The comparatively unimportant Concerto seems to be a gem in her hands, with the assistance of the excellent orchestra, and must surely rank among the few completely successful performances of Mozart concerti on records made during the past decade. The Sonata is equally delightful, again displaying the perfection of Haskil's technique, her exquisite subtlety of shading and dynamics and a lightness of attack which does not preclude solidity. The Variations on the tune known to us as "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" bring the recital to a charming conclusion. Here, in all, we have a record which should give infinite pleasure. The sound matches the very high quality of the performances.

Kempff's recording displays the work of another of our outstanding technicians, but one who is prone to certain aberrations of interpretation which were happily absent from Haskil's approach to Mozart.

Not that we should look down our noses at what Kempff has accomplished; neither of these interpretations could be considered less than accomplished and, notably in the slow movements, impressive; but the pianist seems obsessed by the thought that he should not make waves. His delicate, unruffled, pearly playing is not inappropriate to the A major Concerto, but fails to give us the excitement and power of the mighty C minor. Leitner's work is thoroughly in the spirit of the pianist's views, *i.e.*, graciously light and charming in No. 23, about the same in No. 24, although his leadership in the first movement of the latter has much of the required strength, making for something of an emotional and dynamic gap between orchestra and soloist. This well-recorded disc has its flaws and its virtues, and is difficult to judge conclusively. I do wish that Haskil had recorded the C minor, and I hope that Angel will not wait too long before re-releasing Edwin Fischer's version in its "Great Recordings of the Century" series. —H.G.

PALAU: *Concierto Levantino for Guitar and Orchestra* (1948); **VIVALDI:** *Concerto in D for Guitar and Orchestra* (P. 209); **J. S. BACH:** *Chaconne in D minor;* Narciso Yepes (guitar), (in Vivaldi & Palau) Orquesta Nacional de España conducted by Odon Alonso. London Stereo CS-6201, \$5.98.

(Vivaldi)
Gobermann LRM Vol. I, No. 4
(Bach)
Bream Westminster 18428
Segovia Decca 9751

⑧THE Vivaldi Guitar Concerto is actually an orchestration of the Concerto in D for Two Violins, Lute, and Continuo (Tomo 62); the present version is quite pleasant-sounding although, of course, it does little service to Vivaldi. Manuel Palau, who was born in 1893 in Valencia, has written an exceptionally idiomatic work for guitar and orchestra; there is an abundance of atmosphere in this Spanish score although, in spite of Yepes' masterly playing, the over-all impression is one of musical paucity. Segovia was the first guitarist to promote the playing of Bach's *Chaconne* for unaccompanied violin on his own

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instrument, and the guitarist's arrangement is the one most commonly used, as for example in the superb Bream recording. Yepes, however, has evidently made his own adaptation, adding subsidiary voices, filling in harmonies, and otherwise departing from the simplicity of Bach's original. The Spanish performer's concept, furthermore, is nationalistic to an extreme: this is a *Chaconne* that might have been composed in Spain during the last century. Still, though I am not entirely enthusiastic because of purely musical considerations, I must say that guitar enthusiasts will find the disc enjoyable, principally because of Yepes' seemingly effortless technical accomplishments. The stereo sound is excellent, but the liner notes are a mangle of misinformation.

—I.K.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "*Tsar Saltan*";

E. Smolenskaya (Militrissa); G. Oleinichenko (Swan-Queen); E. Verbitskaya (Babarikha); Ivan Petroff (Tsar Saltan); V. Ivanovsky (Prince Gvidon); P. Chekin (Old Man); Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre (Moscow), Vassily Nebolsin, conductor. MK set 206-C, six sides, \$17.94 (Artia import).

▲THIS exceedingly well recorded and authentically presented Bolshoi production of Rimsky-Korsakov's "*Tsar Saltan*" will come as relief to those who look askance at yet another "*Rigoletto*" or "*Madama Butterfly*".

Performances of the late Rimsky opera are almost unheard of in the Western World; curiosity, at least, is now satisfied. "The delightful fantastic-humorous *Tale of the Tsar Saltan* (1899)," writes Gerald Abraham, "is a return to the *Snow-Maiden-Sadko* tradition, but the epic manner of *Sadko* is now largely replaced by a more intimate style, with finely wrought detailed workmanship." Rimsky himself has written "*Saltan* was composed in a mixed manner which I shall call instrumental-vocal. Its entire fantastic part belonged rather to the first manner, the realistic part to the second manner. And yet the really melodic element lies invariably in the voices,

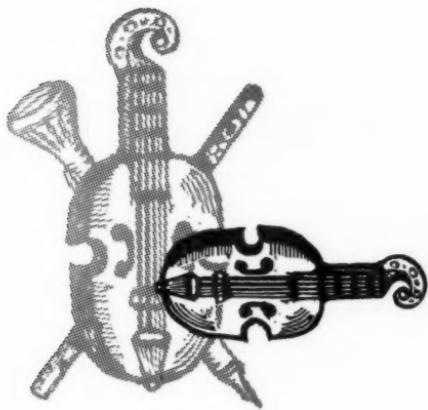
which latter do not cling to fragments of melodic phrases in the orchestra."

The complicated and fantastic libretto by Byelski was based on a tale by Pushkin. The plot, too intricate to be told here in detail, is a sort of Cinderella story with two jealous sisters and an old hag doing their best to undermine the happiness of Tsar Saltan and his queen, Militrissa. Of course, there is a handsome Prince, and what Russian musical work would be complete without a Swan-Queen? We have one here. Virtue and Beauty prevail over Evil, and the opera ends on a triumphant note.

The world into which Rimsky takes us is fairytale-folkloristic. There is quite a *Leitmotif* scheme in a consistently imaginative orchestration of beautiful effects (sometimes in the manner of *Scheherazade*). The opera, written in a prologue and four acts, has no overture, but each scene begins with an introductory trumpet fanfare and there are orchestral interludes of rare ingenuity that evoke the atmosphere of what is to come: The hubbub of the court, the surging of the sea, the enchanted airs that blow on the Island of Buyan, and the emergence of the Sugarplum City with its tintinnabulation of bells and distant trumpet calls. Every now and again, especially in the last portion of the score, there are strong hints of "*Le Coq D'Or*", which was yet to come. It is amusing to hear the *Flight of the Bumblebee* performed within its proper context, as Prince Gvidon, disguised as a bee, buzzes around the court and stings the wicked sisters and their evil old mentor. "*Tsar Saltan*" was written in 1899 and produced on October 21, 1900, at the Moscow Opera, under the direction of M.M. Ippolitov-Ivanov.

Artia has given us a splendidly idiomatic and complete account of this glittering affair—the Bolshoi production of 1959. The voices are Slavic and may not appeal to Western ears, but listeners should stop being provincial and realize that such vocal timbres are the correct ones for this music.

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Smolenskaya, as his wife, Queen Mili-trissa. V. Ivanovsky displays a solid, ringing tenor as Prince Gvidon and E. Verbitskaya sounds properly haggish as old Babarikha. Perhaps the most striking vocalism comes from G. Oleinichenko as the Swan-Queen. This soprano has a high, brilliant voice and a radiance that recalls the palmy days of Ljuba Welitch. The singers are given much "presence," far more than to those employed in some of our stereo sets, where engineers seem exclusively preoccupied with the height of the auditorium and the depth of the stage.

The chorus is important here, and the Bolshoi choristers give a stirring account of themselves under the knowing direction of Vassily Nebolsin, who also has a fine and responsive orchestra at his disposal.

—M. de S.

ROSSINI: **Overtures, Volume 1**—

"Guillaume Tell"; "Le siège de Corinthe"; "Il barbiere di Siviglia"; "La Cenerentola"; "L'inganno felice"; Orchestra of the Academy of St. Cecilia conducted by Fernando Previtali. Westminster XWN-18944, \$4.98, or Stereo WST-14128, \$5.98. (44 mins.)

ROSSINI: **Overtures, Volume 2**—"La

gazza ladra"; "La scala di seta"; "L'Italiana in Algeri"; "Semiramide"; "Il Signor Bruschino"; "Tancredi"; same artists. Westminster XWN-18945, \$4.98, or Stereo WST-14129, \$5.98. (50 mins.)

Other stereo collections:

Alwyn, New Symphony Rich. 29058
Dorati, Minneapolis Mercury 90139
Maag, Paris Conservatory London 6089
Perlea, Bamberg Symphony Vox 511.180
Reiner, Chicago Symphony RCA 2318
Von Karajan, Philharmonia Angel 35890

⑧ OF the overtures to Rossini's forty known operas, thirteen are currently available domestically in one or more of the various recorded collections. And of these thirteen, eleven are contained in this pair of records: the largest single collection yet issued. (The other two, "Il Turco in Italia" and "Il viaggio a Reims", may be picked up on Vanguard mono 456 under Mario Rossi.) The present pair also contains the only available recording of the delightful overture to "L'inganno felice" ("The Happy Deceit"), Rossini's earliest

success, dating from 1812. The three overtures presented on the last side here are all in D major; but a certain key monotony is in any case unavoidable when you consider that all eleven are in C, D, or E, except "Cenerentola", which is in E flat.

That is the only kind of monotony you will find in this extensive kaleidoscope of glowing and flashing colors. And they are caught with fine gradation by conductor and orchestra, both of whom understand the nuances of a real pianissimo. Previtali does not pursue the crisp tautness of Toscanini's or Reiner's Rossini. He is lyrical and expansive, though happily without the familiar tendency to impair the cumulative effect of Rossini's crescendo by adding an accelerando, as even Reiner does in "La Cenerentola". Previtali's tempo for the gay "Signor Bruschino" is comparatively slow, with much careful articulation, reminding us somewhat of Beecham's way with Schubert and others. Like most conductors, howsoever ingenious, he cannot disguise the labored effect of Rossini's more perfunctory transitions. But the astonishing variety and unfailing success of the composer's principal rhythmic and melodic ideas carry the day.

The sound is generally excellent, only without the ultra-realistic percussion of many Westminsters. That will be found in Reiner's strong and more resonant half-dozen on RCA. Especially to be admired are Reiner's antiphonal snares in the G major crescendo of "La gazza ladra", which snares cannot be heard at all on Westminster. On the other hand the Westminster has clearer string detail, balance and euphony; the exciting *ponticello* effect in "Cenerentola" is better, and the bow tapping of "Bruschino" sounds more natural.

—J.D.

SCHUBERT: Sonata in D, Op. 53; Emil Gilels (piano). RCA Victor LM-2493, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2493, \$5.98.

⑧ If the Russians care to, they can make yet another cultural claim: that they have pianists who not only recognize the Schubert piano sonatas as the greatest neglected body of keyboard literature today, but who also are doing something

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Opus 53 **WALDSTEIN**

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to save them from comparative obscurity. This claim, should it be made, ought to serve as a challenge to those scores of pianists who delight in proclaiming their affection for the Schubert sonatas but, when the chips are down, cry from the depths of their chicken hearts about how difficult and how long they are.

These comments come in the wake of three recent issues. Richter has given us on Monitor the marvel in *A minor*, and also the delectable *D major*, which is now also available in a recording by Gilels for RCA Victor.

This new disc is the beneficiary of stunning engineering; it may be that never before has one had such a fine sound-image of Gilels' playing. The playing is, as you would expect, superb in tone and articulation, and in the livelier episodes of Op. 53 convincing in making a substantial portion of Schubert's idiom coherent. But in the remarkable slow movement, where Schubert makes rich and seemly inexhaustible comment on a simple love song, Gilels gives the grand line not the tensile strength of steel that he displays in most of the other movements but a flabbiness that suggests he has misunderstood, at least on this occasion, Schubert's unique duality of expression. Here he turns sentimental, does not give us the dynamic span that energizes this extraordinary movement and, by contrast, makes what is sweet ineffable.

It must be pointed out that Richter has similar tendencies toward sentimentalizing the slow movement. However, he does not go so far as Gilels. But then again, Gilels has qualities of dash and gusto in the remainder of the score that are just a bit better than anything Richter has to offer in his recording.

For these qualities and the sake of the recording, I think I would choose Gilels over Richter.

—C.J.L.

SCHUMAN: *Symphony No. 3*; New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML-5645, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6245, \$5.98.

⑧SINCE winning the Critics Circle Award as the best orchestral work introduced in New York during 1942, the

Third Symphony by William Schuman has become an American repertory standard. The new issue at hand is its second recording (Columbia is responsible for both); the first, now withdrawn, was presented by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. With due esteem for the pioneer version, the new album is superior to the old, if only by narrow margins, in every way except that of orchestral finish. Bernstein clarifies to a greater extent the symphony's formal structure, makes more of its emotional content. He conveys the elegiac quality of the Chorale, the rambunctious spirit of the closing Toccata to perfection. In the first movement, where Schuman has frequently failed to achieve precise expression all the while communicating his honest, youthful strain to produce something grand and touching, Bernstein re-creates with such sincerity this disarming earnestness that it, not the fault of ambiguity, becomes the focal point for one's attention. As you would expect, the recording is a considerable improvement over the earlier effort. The Schuman Third is a difficult score for engineers to handle. Its texture is thick, compact, with no more transparency than the law allows. Yet this texture is part of the muscular expressive style which Schuman, like his one-time mentor Roy Harris, employs; and it must not be violated in recording by overspread stereo technique, if it is to make the effect its composer intended. Columbia has served the music well, except that its recording wants a bit more bass and the big timpani passage in the first movement is blurred. —C.J.L.

SOLER: *Six Concerti for Two Organs*; E. Power Biggs (Flentrop Organ of the Busch-Reisinger Museum, Harvard University) and Daniel Pinkham (Hess cabinet organ). Columbia ML-5608, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6208, \$5.98.

⑧THIS first recording of the six Concerti for Two Organs, written by Antonio Soler for performance on the two instruments at the Monastery of El Escorial near Madrid, is a refreshing addition to the Schwann and another winner in the growing Biggs discography. Both organs used are of the

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tracker type (the mechanical action is controlled directly from the keys rather than through electrical circuits) associated with baroque music, and although the 18th-century portative instrument played by Daniel Pinkham has considerably fewer stops than Biggs' modern classic-style organ, the performances of this charmingly *galant* music are perfectly delightful. So is Columbia's stereo. —L.K.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36;* L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Robert Denzler. Richmond Stereo S-29082, \$2.98.

§ LACKING the customary tightening

of tempi at the climaxes or even a requisite motion elsewhere, this performance does not sound much like Tchaikovsky. But the engineering is natural, without hypodermic effects, and the label (thanks to the spelling) does make this something of a collector's item.

—J.B.L.

VERDI: *Requiem;* Maria Caniglia (soprano), Ebe Stignani (mezzo-soprano), Beniamino Gigli (tenor), Ezio Pinza (bass), Rome Opera House Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Tullio Serafin. Angel set COLH 108/109, four sides—mono only, \$11.96.

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count on records. Originally issued on 78s, it had an emergence in this country on a Victor LP set, which was subsequently withdrawn. With these things in mind, Angel has rehabilitated this classic, which was recorded in Rome more than twenty years ago.

It is easy to romanticize a performance which was considered outstanding in its day. Tullio Serafin is a famous Verdi conductor, and the solo quartet of Maria Caniglia, Ebe Stignani, Beniamino Gigli, and Ezio Pinza looks wonderful on paper. Both the men have since died, and the two ladies have retired from the operatic scene, which adds that "long ago" aura so treasured by many.

Since that day, several superior recordings of the *Requiem* have appeared, including the dynamic and much admired one by Toscanini. A reappraisal of the set under consideration shows that its sound is definitely dated and that the reproduction of the chorus is often opaque.

The star soloists (the *raison d'être* for this revival) are extremely uneven, though they were distinguished possessors of notable voices. Head and shoulders above the rest rises Pinza, whose magnificent bass rolls out in a majestic, rich legato of unbelievable smoothness and whose style is impeccable. I can safely claim that Pinza's singing has not been equaled in later performances.

Caniglia, Stignani, and Gigli indulge in some hectic operatic emotionalism. Gigli was in excellent voice and there is no denying the radiant beauty of his tones, but his singing is often sobby in the best "Cavalleria" manner and when he tries to sound spiritual, the effect proves to be meretricious. Stignani's great voice has never been properly captured by the phonograph, which was rarely kind to her; here the predominant impression is of an uneven forthrightness. As for Caniglia she is guilty of several climaxes that sag from pitch and of a general unsteadiness. A certain flamboyant authority best serves her in the final *Libera Me*, but much of the time she sounds tired. With the exception of Pinza, none of the soloists pays much attention to Verdi's markings.

The Rome Opera chorus and orchestra

seem to be giving Maestro Serafin an authentic performance, but they find themselves up against the 1939 sonics. Serafin makes a brief but unexplained cut of eleven bars (Schirmer ed., p. 164), but it is of decided interest that he employs thirteen less minutes than he does in his recent stereo recording for Capitol.

The tone has been brightened here with added volume for the soloists, but a certain grainy, glassy sound militates against this endeavor's taking its place with the best of Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series. Packaging and notes by Andrew Porter, together with other carefully tabulated information, lend dis-

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tinction. Despite the drawbacks I have mentioned Angel's salvaging of this affectionately remembered performance will be welcomed by many. For enthusiasts of the art of Ezio Pinza, this is a "must".

—M. de S.

WILDER: *Names from the War* (Text by Bruce Catton); *Carl Sandburg Suite*; Augmented New York Woodwind Quintet and New York Brass Quintet; Orchestra; Dave Garroway (reader); Walter Ehret Chorale, conducted by Walter Ehret. Golden Crest Stereo CR-4026, \$4.98.

⑧ **ANYTHING** Bruce Catton has to say about the Civil War is worth investigating. But it is a little unusual to find him writing a poem. Poetry is not the proper description—more something like "lyric prose". Under whatever designation, it might be of some interest as literature. Unfortunately any such merits it has are swamped by its treatment here. Alec Wilder has prepared a choral and instrumental background for it which fits the poorest connotations of that flexible description "movie music". For all his honest attempt Garroway is still too much the TV personality; and ironically the recording of his voice has been so poorly grafted into the left channel that he is sometimes buried by the the trombones. In all, it might make a satisfactory soundtrack for a good fourth-rate film short. But as a recording it makes for a pretty embarrassing ten minutes—for once we can be glad that a company has not put more on a side! Those who want the Catton straight may read the text printed on the album and forget the record. As for the reverse, Wilder has rigged up a suite purporting to be based on American folk songs collected by Carl Sandburg, and has dedicated it to that gentleman. The jacket notes assure us that it is "lilting"; I find it vapid and undistinguished. The engineers who taped it had pretty strange ideas about a stereo orchestra. They piled all the strings in the right channel and threw everything else into the left. In sum: a record to forget. Both Mr. Catton and Mr. Sandburg deserve better treatment.

—J.W.B.



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(but in vocalized form); Daisi Doody, a playgirl who turns into a pervert; a deaf mute and a blind poetess, the strictness of technology represented by the technicians, etc.

But much more significant is the music that encloses this tale. If music can be frightening, Blomdahl's score is. A simple device correlates matters—parody represents the once-belittled, now lost-forever conditions of national identity of human fun. (A D minor tonality in spirited duple meter is the basis of an aria dealing with foolishness—the word "zany" occurs some eighteen times in this section. A national anthem is spoofed by a clear-cut C major setting in 2/4 time.) The very simplicity of these ideas make the two serial sets more potent. One of these skims around and about the tone C (it opens and closes the opera); the other, which gives true stratospheric effect, is one which is built on intervals which successively expand in contrary motion (thus ranging from a second to a seventh). Mixed in are haunting vocalises, clipped vocalization, and low-slung jazz. These all exhibit defined particularities, but the design is not criss-crossed; this is telescoped music that together has total balance. Blomdahl's opera is half concerned with balance in symmetrical (serial) arrangement, and is otherwise a fantasy. But a worth-while work creates its own balances, not inevitably those weighed by superacademic, even neosuperacademic, scales.

The cover indicates "special electronic effects by Swedish Radio." And in this case these are not "effects" but proof of the validity of electronic music. In fact, "*Aniara*" can well, through the very horror of its story, point up the true artistic use of electronics, minus any seductive prose proposition demanding its use as music by itself, pure and simple. The two tape-recorded portions utilize both electronic and *musique concrète* materials. In representing the destruction of Earth (through a character without voice called Mima) the effect is a summation of the potency of electronic music. No orchestrator in the history of music could conjure up the sonic abominations of this sequence. Blomdahl



Blomdahl

proves here that a proper compound can be obtained by simply dovetailing disparate musical things.

The orchestration is based on the extremes of the instrumental spectrum, quite often a series of pointillized spurts and starts, dictated by timbre content that divides within itself—*multi divisi, ponticello* color mixed with the dessicated sound of harmonics; bell tones framed with harp, celesta, and vibraphone. This does not imply a depressed sonority scale. It does define an exciting palette. Blomdahl, however, does not use a paint brush, but rather pen, pencil, and etching tools. Pedal points are a strong force in this case, shaped as a supercharged mass against which the vocal material is driven. The poetic mobility of the orchestra is one of the most potent influences of the score.

I have left the performance for the last. There is no second-guessing the magnificent job that has been accomplished by every member of the cast. The atmosphere is conveyed unerringly; the actual sounds are at true pitch; the singers are real musicians. A virtuoso orchestra can be commanded only by a virtuoso conductor. I can vouch that Janssen's knowledge of this score is as acute as the composer's. In the field of contemporary music this conductor need not take second place to anyone. The sound is superb, especially in stereo.

In short, I count "*Aniara*" as an extraordinary opera, and it has been recorded to perfection.

by verbalizing an obsession with technique—with "the rules". The creative composer learns or absorbs as much technique as is needed to satisfy his creative drive, his "daemon". The "genius" has a drive which is almost insatiable; however, the presence of technique alone cannot distinguish a truly creative composer from an essentially imitative one, and our critic with the persistent inner conflict tends to tolerate the latter much better than the former. Thus his whole musical approach, like many aspects of our civilized society in general, is topsy-turvy.

Even the genius, that rarest of phenomena, may know, intellectually, as little about the unconscious side of creative activity as anyone, or even less than the average. Stravinsky, the first apostle of modern musical abstraction, was also, I believe, the first to assert that music is inherently incapable of expressing anything. But when Stravinsky claims that he is completely and rationally free to choose any note he wishes, the end results of his labors do not bear him out. Every bar he writes is indelibly stamped with his personality, which would not be so if his conscious mind were really free and independent of his unconscious creative drive. Even the "absent-minded" doodle inexorably expresses the unique personality of the doodler, no less than his handwriting or his loftiest utterance. Now it so happens that Stravinsky can legitimately claim an unusual *degree* of rational independence, since few composers in history have been capable of evolving their basic style so radically and so creatively over a long and productive career. But this is witness to a phenomenal "maturing" of his whole musical personality from top to bottom (or should we say from bottom to top?), just as inexplicable, to him as to everyone else, as his original genius. The unbreakable life-thread called "Stravinsky" is always in evidence.

There is still today no scientific psychology of art in any of its forms. The advent of modern depth psychology has merely enabled us to recognize the existence of unconscious creative drives, not, as yet, to analyze them. It has simply re-

moved the subject from the realm of superstition to the *tentative* realm of science. This is not surprising, nor is the fact that this same emergent age of depth psychology has given rise, as if in self-defense, to the first widely expressed concern of artists with "abstraction". There are some artists, like Schönberg, who seem to recognize modern abstraction as a natural extension of expressionism (*i.e.*, highly subjective). There are others, for whom Rorem seems to speak here, who regard abstraction simply as the true and natural condition of music in all ages, and that is that. I think this difference affects their theorizing more than their real creative effort. Some people, in all walks of life, simply do not take kindly to the revelations of pre-conscious psychology, as witness Rorem's gingerly reference to the Freudian finding "heaven knows how many symbols" in an abstract work of art, or to the "amusement" of speculating on Ravel's habitual identification of "mother" with the descending interval of a fourth. Such amusement is like a child defiantly playing with matches, or a boy smoking cigars. The whole truth would probably go so much deeper that the genius himself would turn from it as instinctively as Faust from the face of Lucifer.

Notice that Rorem would not deny the connection between nature and the *origins* of music, only the finished art work. "Nature", he writes, "abounds in geometry as she abounds in vibrations from which music is fashioned; yet psychoanalysts are shy of chords and scales." Between these two admitted truths lies the entire world of music from its primitive beginnings, through the great masterworks, to the very latest and most sophisticated experiments. But Rorem would go from one to the other in a single leap, and finding no logical connection, write Q.E.D. to the whole proposition. In scientific terms alone, one should note that between the science of physics and that of psychology lies the science of physiology. We know that musical impulses have a strong effect on our body metabolism, that music has in fact a more directly "visceral" effect than any other art; and we also know that we have as yet barely scratched the surface in

our understanding of the relation of this phenomenon to our complex musical art. What does our musical "objectivity" amount to in the face of this overpowering physiological force, coupled with all our subconscious mental associations to sound stimuli from the moment of birth, or possibly earlier?

What we *know* about ourselves in this regard is indeed next to nothing. What we *feel* is as far from nothing as our growing up, dancing, marching, loving, marrying and dying to music can take us, and farther. If our music has no human significance, then we have no human significance. And the most "abstract" artist in the world must breathe the same atmosphere and be fed with the same nutriments as all of us. The unique importance of each creative artist, and potentially of each and every human being, is that no one else can experience reality in exactly the same way.

What little we know about music's expressivity has been well summarized by Susanne K. Langer in her now near-classic

Philosophy in a New Key. Words express both emotions and ideas, she points out, but they express the latter much more exactly than the former, while music cannot express ideas at all, but expresses emotions *much more exactly* than words can. "The real power of music", she writes, "lies in the fact that it can be 'true' to the life of feeling in a way that language cannot; for its significant forms have that ambivalence of content that words cannot have... For if music is really a language of emotion, it expresses primarily the composer's knowledge of human feeling, not how or when that knowledge was acquired."

This points the way up from natural physics, through animal and human physiology, to human behavior in all its vast, mysterious, and sometimes dismaying ramifications. Music's future is bound up with our slowly maturing "knowledge of human feeling"—in short, of ourselves. Its present dilemmas do not arise from its essential abstractness, but on the contrary, from its unique concreteness in the very realm where we are most reluctant.

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him that these books belong—instead of the ubiquitous image of Washington or Lincoln there is a bust of Frédéric Chopin. According to the popular cliché, Chopin is a young lady's composer devotion to whom betokens effeminacy in a man. Whatever tiny grain of truth there may be in this belief, it is surely not true of Poles, and no one who meets the forceful, alert person of Hilary Koprowski could continue to entertain doubts as to the masculine justness of a love for Chopin. At a time when conformity is a recognized social evil and the masses of people have been justly described as a "characterless reflection of environment", Dr. Koprowski stands out as an individualist who is not eccentric but civilized; an administrator who is an intellectual and would be accepted on equal terms by a Clive Bell or an André Malraux.

Dr. Koprowski, born in Warsaw, Poland, was faced with a choice between a career in music or in science. He graduated in piano from the Warsaw Conservatory but turned to medicine, obtained his M.D. degree in Warsaw in 1939, and adopted scientific research as his life's work. Musical studies were continued in Rome, where he graduated from the Santa Cecilia Academy in 1940; he then went to Brazil, and finally to the United States, where he became head of the Wistar Institute in 1957. Here he brought to life a venerable but decaying institution and made of it a leading research center for the investigation of cancer and virus diseases, and built up a staff of top biologists from literally all parts of the world. One of Dr. Koprowski's notable achievements in science is the development of a live poliomyelitis vaccine that has proved its effectiveness in field trials in such areas as the Belgian Congo, Switzerland, and Poland.

In addition to scientific and musical interests—which latter include listening to records from his large collection, playing in a chamber music group, attending concerts and opera here and abroad—Koprowski is a linguist and student of world literature who appreciates such different writers as Arthur Rimbaud, Ezra Pound, Marcel

Proust, John Ford, Pietro Aretino, and H. L. Mencken. His own ability to write is well reflected in the style of such scandalously interesting papers as "Viruses 1959"¹³ and "Historical Aspects of the Development of Live Virus Vaccines in Poliomyelitis"¹⁴, which has been translated into German, Russian, and Portuguese, and reprinted in English in four different journals—which proves that, to a cultured mind, scientific writing in the technical periodicals need not be the deadly dull matter that most investigators make of it. One of these articles is headed by a quotation from Oscar Wilde that "anybody can make history: only a great man can write it", and Koprowski has the audacity to prove the epigram in a virtuoso statement of scientific history worthy of the wit of Wilde himself.

George Sarton (1884-1956)

On March 22nd, 1956, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there died one of the most remarkable men of our age, a polymath who in this day of fragmentation managed to encompass all knowledge in at least the beginning of an historical synthesis unmatched since Aristotle. Sarton was a

¹³Trans. New York Academy of Sciences, Ser. II, Vol. 22, pp. 176-190, 1960.

¹⁴Trans. & Studies of College of Physicians of Phila., Ser. IV, Vol. 27, pp. 95-106, 1960. Reprints of one or both papers will be sent, so long as supply lasts, to anyone who writes me.—W.L.P.

Dr. Hilary Koprowski



genius of understanding and wisdom—and is the greatest contemporary example of the balanced scientific, or educated mind, *in excelsis*. He was born in Ghent, Belgium, and from early life manifested his love for, and phenomenal ability to acquire, knowledge for its own sake. He obtained his Ph.D. in mathematics from the University of Ghent in 1911 and set out to realize his ambition of creating a balanced and encyclopedic History of Science and founding a journal for the promotion of this subject—*Isis*. In order to qualify himself, Sarton mastered all the leading European languages and also Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Chinese. The subject matter and historical development of individual sciences—chemistry, geology, botany, medicine, anthropology—were likewise absorbed in addition to the humanities—literature, art, music, philosophy. His interest in Eastern culture was so great that at one time he contemplated devoting half of his life to Oriental art, and the names of the two journals that he founded, *Isis* and *Osiris*, are evidence of his love for Eastern things. That a human mind could embrace the learning of the modern world is demonstrated in Sarton's *magnum opus*, entitled *Introduction to the History of Science* (3 vols. in 5, 1927-1948), but human life is too short to complete such an undertaking even though Sarton, unlike another polymath, Henry Buckle, lived to the age of 72. He got no further than the Middle Ages; Sarton's account of 14th-century science runs to 2,200 pages!¹⁵

Science for Dr. Sarton is defined in the broad sense to include all positive knowledge so that advances in the theoretical aspect of music are chronicled in the *Introduction* which, in spite of its detail, is never dry or dull but inspired by the wisdom and fertility of a great man's passion to know. The two completed volumes of the *History of Science* (1952, 1959) are likewise fascinating books of more restricted scope and

¹⁵Records are mentioned twice in this huge work. On page 28-29 Sarton acknowledges the gift by Dr. I. Bernard Cohen of 2 *L'Anthologie Sonore* discs (78 r.p.m.) of Machaut's Mass, and on page 745, in a discussion of this 14th-century master, Sarton remarks that "the mass as recorded is very beautiful, but I have no time for investigating how close it comes to the original score."



Dr. George Sarton and friend

bring the story of the acquisition of man's knowledge to the beginning of the Christian era.

George Sarton's interest in music was deep and can be traced back at least to 1903 when he published papers on *La littérature Wagnérienne* and *Beethoven et Wagner*. In the volumes of *Isis* and *Osiris* can be found many references to music and reviews of books on music. Dr. Sarton had time to collect records, which lined the study at the top of his Cambridge house. His record library was large and showed his catholic taste that covered many types of music—tribal, Oriental, Medieval, operas, chamber music, symphonies.¹⁶ Here he relaxed when he returned from work at the Harvard Library. He knew that music and science are manifestations of similar impulse and has testified, "I believe that the supreme end of life, so far as we can see it, is to promote immaterial things such as truth, beauty, justice. . . I can find no other meaning to my life, no other spring to my activity."¹⁷

¹⁶Information supplied to me by Dr. M. F. Ashley Montagu, who was a close friend of Sarton's.

¹⁷*History of Science and the New Humanism*. New York, George Braziller, Inc., 1956, p. xvi.

Regular readers will need no introduction to the author, whose most recent contribution—the third of his splendid series on the music of Asia—appeared in the May issue.



WORDS ONLY

By PAUL KRESH

THE ARTS, they told us in school, interpret the general in terms of the particular, but any time the record collector gets to wanting it the other way around the industry stands ready to oblige. A fairly wide range of science recordings is on the market, and the supply seems to be growing rapidly. The favorite subject to date is rockets and the future of space travel (there are two albums now called "The Conquest of Space") but the science-hungry phonograph owner with a high enough power of concentration can also get mental nourishment from discs on the structure of matter, the size of the universe, and even the theory of relativity. For students who can't get their eyes open early enough for TV's sunrise semesters there are comprehensive lectures on anthropology and similar subjects meant to be used as supplements to the classroom experience but thoroughly understandable by the unenrolled as well. There is even a record on the science of insects and one entitled "Schoolbook for Dogs" although these novelties have not been submitted for review. If there is one quality the men who make our science records have in common it is a compulsion that seems to seize them, when preparing material for recording on almost any of their subjects, to sum up the whole history of evolution and describe the extent and grandeur of the entire universe in a few ill-chosen words. Only then, apparently, are they comfortable about getting down to the matter at hand. Many of our distinguished writers and teachers in the field retain their native accents, which are generally European, and thus address us in voices reminiscent of their comic strip counterparts. A few do not sound human at all, but in their impersonality and proclivity for giving equal stress to every syllable of a word arouse the suspicion that perhaps articulate robots have been recorded instead of people. It is the sort of thing that echoes in the corridors over the loudspeakers at industrial exhibits. Scientists also have their own clichés—dead, educators' phrases, references to the

"thresholds" of space and the future, "unlocking the secrets of the universe" and the like, and these tend to crop up in one album after another. The most fascinating science recordings are those which stick to a topic and, without attempting to sugar-coat it or work in a basic 25-word course on the total history and development of human knowledge, proceed in earnest to educate without resorting to production techniques at all. It is not that the resources of production—music, dramatization, sound effects—are out of place for the presentation of a documentary on science as in any other field; it is simply that, to date, where they have been attempted—as in the hastily produced Columbia report on the flight of Alan Shepard, Jr., which reached the record stores almost before the astronaut took off—their use has been clumsy and inconsonant with the objective. For the greatest dilemma to the scientist making a record would seem to be deciding what level of audience he wishes to reach. In the understandable attempt to compromise, too often he ends up by boring the informed, patronizing the intelligent and numbing the ignorant through the sheer pile-up of words. It is a problem that has long confronted all who attempt educational programming of any sort, to be seen or heard or both. Those who meet it successfully, as a few did on the records considered here, deserve a special sort of acclaim.

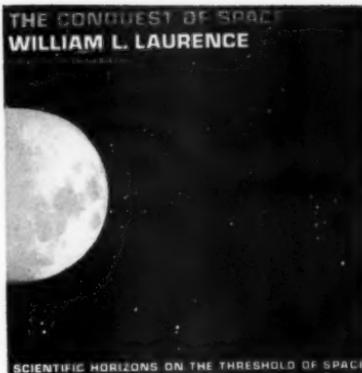


The Conquest of Space, by William L. Laurence. Directed by Arthur Luce Klein. Spoken Arts 775, \$5.95.

▲LAURENCE, the science editor of The New York *Times*, spends the first side of this well-organized disc explaining the history of rocketry, starting with the Chinese 700 years ago, and virtually blueprinted by Newton four centuries later. In workable, *Times*-clear language, the two-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize takes us right through the launchings of Sputniks, Luniks, Tyros weather satellites and

Pioneers, citing the usefulness of these launchings for navigation, communication and whether to go to the beach. He goes on later, during side two, to venture the opinion that we are about to enter a world of plenty where there will be no war, poverty or disease and where people will live for a hundred years and everybody will realize a creative potential achieved in the past only by Shakespeares and Einsteins. He also outlines the American timetable for space exploration, to culminate with a manned flight to the moon around 1970, and predicts that man may find out whether other forms of life exist beyond this planet within the lifetime of this generation. All instructive and heartening, and an ideal primer for those who have trouble following those opaque-looking newspaper science stories or believing that man has a future at all, on this world or any other. Mr. Laurence's slight European accent only increases the charm of a voice that wears well on mind and nerves.

The Conquest of Space. A Conversation Between Dr. Wernher von Braun and Willy Ley. Vox DL-522, \$11.90. ▲FOR hours and to their hearts' content Dr. Wernher von Braun, our leading missile expert, and Willy Ley, the well-known science writer, proceed over four LP sides to reminisce absorbingly about the first rocket launchings in Germany more than thirty years ago, describe their experiences first under Hitler and then in this country with the development of rockets and missiles through peace and war, get into little arguments about dates and place names, and wind up peering into the inevitable crystal ball, where they foresee a future not quite so spectacularly optimistic as the one Mr. Laurence outlines. The recording, made at two sessions in June of 1959, already sounds, in fact, like ancient history at times. Mr. Ley, who guides the conversation, and Dr. von Braun, who tends to come over like Sid Caesar in one of those German movies he used to re-create on TV, also tangle with the question of religion and science. They point out that man seems to be "pre-ordained" by nature, because of his physical attributes—his ability to endure weightlessness, and so forth—to travel in space, that the late Pope Pius blessed the idea of extra-terrestrial exploration, and that the "search for faith and the search for truth" are not in competition. There is a boyish enthusiasm in the voices of these two, both of whom display charm and humor, as they go over their early adventures in Germany (they got the money to build their first rocket to publicize the Fritz Lang film "Woman In The



A RECORDING OF THE HISTORIC SPACE VOYAGE
OF AMERICA'S FIRST ASTRONAUT



Moon" and had endless trouble getting money and materials for further experiments). Striking immaturity of another sort seems evident in the consistent detachment with which they describe the launching of the V-2's that were intended to destroy England, the flight of refugees in wartime Europe, recollection of which stirs no audible compassion—rather a general absence of express interest in the conditions of human life down here on earth. How neutral and dispassionate must a scientist be?

9:34 A. M. May 5th, 1961. Recording of the space voyage of America's first astronaut. A Production of CBS News for CBS Radio with Bob Trout. Edited and Produced by Dan Bloom. Columbia, XXI, \$3.98.

▲THE sky had not yet altogether quieted down from the historic launching of Alan B. Shepard's 15-minute "one whale of a ride" into space when Columbia was rushing this item into record stores. It consists of one of those high-powered reports by CBS news with the voice of Bob Trout scarcely able to contain itself, statements by President Kennedy, senators, world leaders and reporters in various cities in that machine-gun succession so dear to the hearts of TV newsrooms, and the actual sound of the countdown, blast-off and conversation between the astronaut and the ground-crew, resembling nothing so much as one of those depressing exchanges in a radio-controlled taxi between dispatcher and driver. Von Braun is on hand here also, expressing his delight, and it is interesting after hearing other records on the subject to see how the forecasts of two seasons ago have turned, if a little off schedule, reassuringly into reality. Yet, as yesterday's news passes into history, one wishes somehow for a more sober accounting, and that our astronaut might have been able to describe what he saw more adequately than as, in his own flat words, a "very beautiful view". A valuable historic document, all the same, which tells as much about the hopped-up devices of our communications industry in covering such events as it does about the event itself, and ends with a patriotic choral arrangement of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes of any fading old soldiers within earshot.

The World of Science and The Nature and Structure of Matter, presented by Dr. Polykarp Kusch. Directed by Arthur Luce Klein. Spoken Arts 750, \$5.95.

▲NOBEL prize winner Kusch, together

with some trumped-up students named "Jim", "George", "Edythe", etc., sets out on a stilted journey of questions and answers about basic and applied science. (Q: "Just what do you mean by that, Dr. Kusch?" A: "Increased knowledge and the wide use of knowledge is the certain road to a better life.") He speaks in a voice closely resembling an electronic instrument and pronounces every word as though it were hyphenated by syllables ("cu-ree-oss-it-tee"). Like one of those exhibits which talk when you press a button, Columbia University's famous physicist herewith deals out the information that man needs knowledge, that molecules contain lots of atoms, that there are 92 elements, etc., with an air of divine, if uninflected, revelation. Dr. Kusch is a distinguished scientist and a thorough-going humanist with his heart in the right place, but his record is only occasionally revelatory or illuminating, leaping as it does from the patently obvious to the highly technical matters concerned with nuclear fission and $E=MC^2$. Dr. Kusch claims nobody is unhappy in his profession, and invites more young people to enter it. Science, he says, is neither good nor evil in itself, but depends upon the social uses to which it is put. It's pretty certain this kind of tired talk isn't what got him the Nobel prize.

Dr. Edward Teller. The Size and Nature of The Universe and The Theory of Relativity. Directed by Dr. Arthur Luce Klein. Spoken Arts 735, \$5.95.

▲TELLER, as much at home at the microphone as in the lab, is a totally engaging personality whose heavy Hungarian accent handicaps him not at all. He launches full of confidence into an explanation of the age and size of the universe (at least, of our suspicions concerning these matters) and emerges victorious, for the vivid analogies, bright images and entertaining illustrations he summons into service make amazingly lucid whatever he has to say—and that's a mouthful. On side two, Dr. Teller cleans up Einstein's theory of relativity for the casual listener, and will leave you with a better inkling even of that. Once he goes so far as to employ a limerick to drive home a point:

"There was once a lady called Bright
Who traveled much faster than light.
She started one day on her relative way
And came back the previous night."

A masterful educator and astute showman, this clever lecturer probably has done more in this one best-selling disc to convince the public that "science is more fascinating than science fiction" than the man who invented the planetarium. Should reward repeated hearings.

Physical Anthropology. David L. Jennings. Lectern Records. L.S.A. 101, \$5.95.

▲LECTERN has set up shop with the excellent idea of supplying a series of undisguisedly educational discs on history, literature, science—even a record for dental mechanics. If all are as conscientiously prepared as this one, Lectern will be filling a real need well—and perhaps we'll all be doing our own dental work. "Physical Anthropology" is not intended as a replacement for the college course, but it certainly covers the 6,200 years of this "young science" with dispatch and competence. The recording was made with little concern for technicalities (beyond the all-important one of clarity) but hearing pages turned, occasional fluffs and even the classroom humor of David Jennings, who teaches anthropology at Los Angeles City College, are minor flaws in an otherwise fascinating hour. Jennings, as genial a personality as you would care to have teach you anything, begins with a set of general introductory statements on anthropology, geology, and biology, considers the fossils, and proceeds to lecture on the hominids, early man, modern man and the races of man, leisurely exploding myths and popularly held notions as he goes. One of the best passages is a description of modern man as a "walking museum" of the history of life, what with such vestigial organs, in addition to the vermiform appendix, as once-active muscles for raising his ears, a "third eyelid", goose-pimples and other holdovers of earlier life-forms. Jennings blandly debunks race theories with clear scientific evidence, and whets the appetite for more on his whole subject—surely the most reliable test for an effort of this kind.

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Cultural Anthropology. Dr. Walter Goldschmidt. Lectern Records L.S.A. 106, \$5.95.

▲GOLDSCHMIDT, Professor of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of California in Los Angeles, tackles cultural anthropology in a straightforward lecture covering language, technology, social and political organization, religion, the arts and other processes as they relate to the history and variety of human cultures. While not so genial as Jennings in the physical anthropology department, Goldschmidt makes no jokes and no fluffs either as he proceeds to outline a vast subject in a comfortable, traditional manner. He assumes that his topic is just naturally interesting, with no frills or devices needed to stimulate attention artificially, and it turns out, despite the Latinate, textbook prose he employs, that he pretty well assumes correctly.

MUSURGIA RECORDS



We are issuing a "History of the Theory of Music" comprising eight LP albums. These recordings offer material of unusual interest to not only the musician but also the serious collector and, in fact, any informed music lover. Now available are the first three:

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The Musurgia albums to date have won wide acceptance among scholars and educators. More than 500 universities, colleges, libraries, and other institutions of learning in more than 30 countries have placed standing orders on the basis of the initial releases.

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BOOK REVIEWS

The New Oxford History of Music, Vol. III: Ars Nova and The Renaissance, 1300-1540, edited by Dom Anselm Hughes and Gerald Abraham. Oxford University Press, London, xix, 565pp., \$11.50.

THE DANGERS of co-operative authorship rise again in this latest volume of Oxford's new series—a book as difficult to read as it is to review.

The corresponding material in the original *Oxford History of Music* was covered solely by H. E. Wooldridge. In the new sequence, however, the various chapters are assigned to various scholars and writers. The editors' plea that this approach is necessitated by the vast growth of material to be studied and by the increasing obligation of specialization is a just one, to be sure. Yet one emerges from its product as from a dense forest in which one has seen mainly the trees alone. In the lack of any over-all viewpoint or unified conception each volume is essentially a collection of essays, and is best considered as such.

Not that this characteristic is entirely a bad one, for there are undeniably some good sections here. And one must marvel at the general success achieved in reducing the possible diversities of style and approach to a reasonably consistent pattern, or limited range of patterns.

Indeed, the chapters fall into either one or the other of two general approaches. The first is concerned with a discussion of a subject in terms of examining the relevant musical manuscripts and collections still extant. Such is the case with Chapter I, "Ars nova in France" by Gilbert Reaney; inevitably, however, its main subject is Guillaume de Machaut, who really might have had a separate chapter to himself. But this technique of manuscript analysis comes into its own with II, "The Fourteenth Century in Italy", by Leonard Ellingwood, and is the dominant factor in the chapters by Frank Ll. Harrison: III,

"English Church Music in the Fourteenth Century", and IX, "English Polyphony (c.1470-1540)"; and then in those by Manfred Bukofzer: IV, "Popular and Secular Music in England (to c.1470)", and VI, "English Church Music of the Fifteenth Century"; and particularly in Rudolf von Ficker's V, "The Transition on the Continent".

In the subsequent chapters, however, the writers are able to surmount the manuscripts to some degree and to survey more broadly the individual members or examples of various schools or styles. Such is the approach in Chapter VII, "Dufay and His School", by Charles van den Borren"; in VIII, "The Age of Ockeghem and Josquin", by Nanie Bridgman; in X, "European Song (1300-1530)", by Walter Salmen (whose subject is too broad to be covered satisfactorily in this brief scope); and in Everett Helm's XI, "Secular Vocal Music in Italy (c.1400-1530)", an especially successful chapter. And, finally, this survey approach is naturally applied also in Chapter XII, "The Instrumental Music of the Middle Ages and Early Sixteenth Century", by Yvonne Rokseth, and in Gerald Hayes' XIII, "Musical Instruments", the latter a particularly good survey.

But even in this second approach, the basic emphasis is on examination of specific musical examples, and such illustrations continue to adorn almost every page. This in itself is hardly a failing, for such musical detail is always more substantial than vague biographical generalizations. But on the whole these writers seem to have forgotten the necessary cement of background in piling up the bricks of their edifices. And few are the writers here who even pay passing heed to the editors' avowed and noble aim, "to present music not as an isolated phenomenon or the work of a few outstanding composers but as an art developing in constant association with

every form of human culture and activity." (p.vi)

Inevitably, then, this volume, like its predecessors, is not at all recommended for the beginner or the uninitiated. The scholar or the well-read layman will, however, find much in it which is valuable and stimulating, provided one is interested more in specific reference material than in over-all interpretation and integrated analysis. As with the other

volumes in the series, this one corresponds to a volume of *The History of Music in Sound*, released in this country by RCA Victor (in this case, album LM-6016). The recorded examples by no means provide a balanced representation of all the chapters and subject matter here. But they do offer an auditory supplement to the book which is helpful in many ways, and this is a fact which should be kept in mind by the reader.

—J.W.B.

What America was singing in 1861-65

Songs of the Civil War, compiled and edited by Irwin Silber; with piano and guitar arrangements by Jerry Silverman. Columbia University Press, \$7.50.

WITH the avalanche of books about the Civil War commemorating its centennial, it is only fitting that at least one such publication should deal with its songs. It is to Mr. Silber's credit that he has gathered a comprehensive and well-documented collection. As the Civil War was a many-sided conflict, so here, too, are songs reflecting its many aspects. The book is divided into nine categories: marching and inspirational songs of the Union; marching and inspirational songs of the Confederacy; songs about Abraham Lincoln; sentimental war songs of a sentimental age; songs the soldiers sang; songs of battles and campaigns; Negro spirituals, abolitionist songs, songs of the Negro soldier; dialect, minstrel and comic songs; and postwar songs and songs inspired by the Civil War. Each section has a brief introduction which is followed by commentary on the songs of that chapter. These notes are informative, but it seems to me a pity that they were not placed conveniently at the beginning of each song, rather than being grouped as in a reference section. There is another editorial misjudgment in that there are far too many two-page songs that require a turn of the page. They should have started on left-hand pages, thus eliminating this nuisance.

The essence of the book is the songs themselves. They range from the most

familiar, such as *The Battle Hymn Of The Republic* and *Dixie*, to the lesser known. For the most part they consist of popular songs of that day and their parodies, as well as earlier folksongs paraphrased to serve the moment.

It is a fine collection, not merely as a historical document, but as a living branch of our musical heritage, for many of the songs are widely sung today and many more of them should be known. However, I do feel that the book would have better served its purpose had it presented the songs in facsimile, as did Richard Harwell in his "Songs Of The Confederacy". If a greater adherence to the original had been observed, even if the music were re-engraved with editorial liberties, the book's authenticity would have been enhanced.

The piano arrangements, though simple, are not always pianistic. A more serious defect is their frequent deviation from style, despite claims to the contrary in the introductory note by the arranger. This is apparent in the attempts at achieving a sophisticated "modernization". At times the accompaniment seems arbitrary. For example, in *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!* the verse has a full and rhythmic harmonization while the chorus begins with a thin background (which incidentally accentuates the out-of-style dissonance in the treble). This is the reverse of the original and natural setting which gives more force to the chorus. More extreme is the treatment of *Tenting on the Old Camp Ground*, whose chorus is overlaid with passing tones and sentimental harmonies

ineptly handled—a distortion of the utter simplicity of the original. Similarly disturbing are the settings of some well-known spirituals. There are, nevertheless, many better and serviceable accompaniments here, and my criticisms offered here should not deter the interested reader, for this is an important collection.

The book brings into focus in one volume songs heretofore found only in widely dispersed sources or in specialized regional or ethnic collections, thus also giving the subject the scope it deserves.

Correlated with the book, Folkways Records has issued a boxed album, reviewed below.



Songs Of The Civil War. Folkways set FH-5717, four sides, \$11.90.

▲ ALL the songs here can be found in the companion book, though some are *not* the same versions. The records present a wide assortment of performers, ranging from excellent to poor. An overabundance

of a small combination of voices and guitar and banjo makes for a degree of monotony. More varied treatment would have been welcome—perhaps an *a cappella* male chorus in *Tenting Tonight* or an occasional fife and drum or brass to give body and spirit to the marching songs, or simply adding a chorus to *John Brown's Body* in the refrain. How refreshing it was to hear Cisco Houston sing a ballad unaccompanied!

There is a tendency to gild the lily by oversentimental harmonization of such songs as *Weeping Sad And Lonely* and *Who Will Care For Mother?* Elizabeth Knight sings this genre of song very well, however, and with excellent diction.

Pete Seeger gives his usual vibrant performances, at times supported by Bill McAdoo in lieu of a chorus. Other soloists are Jerry Silverman, Tom Paley, Ellen Stekert, Hermes Nye, Sandy Ives, Ethel Raim, and Ronnie Gluck. The New Lost City Ramblers and The Harvesters are the group participants. —H.H.

A study of Sullivan (with and without Gilbert)

The Music of Arthur Sullivan, by Gervase Hughes. St. Martin's Press, 180 pp., \$7.

AS THE title suggests, this book is not intended to be a biography. It is true that the first two chapters are devoted to a biographical sketch, but this is intended only as background. As the author makes clear in his initial chapter, which is a survey of some of the literature on the composer and of the opinions of him, the principal point here is the music—that composed both with and without Sullivan's seemingly inseparable collaborator, W. S. Gilbert.

This point is clearly shown by the subjects of the successive chapters: "Harmony—A Few Signposts"; "Harmony—Tonality and Modulation"; "Harmony—Use of Chromatic Idiom"; "Counterpoint"; "Vocal Writing"; "Orchestration"; "Sullivan As Melodist"; and "The Overtures". The next chapter, "A Mixed Bag", contains brief observations on a

number of characteristics and details. But of these, at least two, Parody and Humor, especially the former, certainly should have had a separate chapter since, as the author himself observes: "These are two qualities which play a large part in securing for the Gilbert-and-Sullivan operas their firm place in our affections." (p. 153) In a final chapter, "A Gathering of Threads", Hughes reviews some general conclusions and observations. There are no illustrations other than musical ones, but a handy supplement is provided in two chronological tables. One lists the première years of all of Sullivan's stage works, juxtaposed with those of contemporary stage works by other composers; the other lists the ages of Sullivan's elder contemporaries at his birth, and Sullivan's age at the birth of his younger ones.

The scope is not limited to the familiar Savoyard operas, but takes in Sullivan's entire output. Inevitably the popular works claim most of the attention, but

this broader perspective is undeniably a healthy and enlightening one. Under the circumstances, it is a pity that a complete listing of Sullivan's compositions was not included. But the author might have pointed out that one may go to *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* for that, and there is at least a separate index of references to the compositions.

As the chapter topics suggest, and as the vast array of musical examples confirms, the Hughes approach is mainly a study of purely musical elements in the composer's works. But Hughes never allows the technical aspect to swamp him, and all of his points are followed through with extraordinary clarity and economy. His comments are invariably perceptive and flawlessly well-founded. Only occasionally does he miss a point (for example: in his discussion, pp. 78ff, of Sullivan's delight in superimposing separate melodies, usually as "double choruses", and of the background for this technique, he really ought to have cited the fundamental case of the fascinating Chorus of Soldiers and Students in Berlioz' "*Damnation of Faust*"), and on the whole his coverage is remarkably thorough for all of its conciseness. And most important of all is the fact that Mr. Hughes, himself a composer, is also a superb writer. His style is smooth and facile—an effortless delight for the reader.

The author writes as neither a fanatic worshiper nor a spiteful denigrator. Though often admittedly subjective, his judgments are fair and free from needless partisanship. This is a further virtue which should commend his book alike to the dedicated Savoyard and to the passionate anti-Savoyard. The former will find valuable stimulation in a consistent analysis of music and effects which they have so long taken for granted. And the latter will discover that there is more than mere froth and superficiality in the works to whose success Sullivan made such a solid contribution, not always fully appreciated. In the words of the author's own perceptive peroration:

By shining example Sullivan taught his own profession that light music can be civilised and scholarly without losing its wide appeal; that popularity, though a hazardous criterion, is not incompatible with artistic worth. More important still, he has bequeathed to the world at large a legacy which multiplies with the years, for every day young men and maidens are impelled by their spontaneous appreciation of his tunefulness, charm and humor to set out and discover for themselves the treasure-house of great music, thereby enriching their lives. (pp. 166-7)

There can really be only one complaint: for what the author himself describes as a "little book" (p. vi), its price is outrageous.

—J.W.B.

Other books received for review

RECORDED SOUND: Volume 1, Number 1 of The Journal of the British Institute of Recorded Sound, a new quarterly publication. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Secretary of the B. I. R. S. at 38 Russell Square, London W.C. 1, England; minimum contribution \$3.50 per annum.

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN ("The Great Novel of the Jazz Age"), by Dorothy Baker. Houghton Mifflin (Sentry Paperback No. SE-12), \$1.45.

RADIO CONTROL MANUAL, by Edward L. Safford, Jr. Gernsback paperback, \$3.20.

A DICTIONARY OF POPULAR MUSIC, by Peter Gammond and Peter Clayton. Philosophical Library, \$6.

SONGS OF WORK AND FREEDOM, edited by Edith Fowke and Joe Glazer; arrangements (piano and guitar) by Kenneth Bray. Doubleday (Dolphin Magnum Series), paperback, \$1.95.

INTRODUCTION TO CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, by Joseph Machlis. W. W. Norton, \$10.

ABC'S OF TAPE RECORDING, by Norman H. Crowhurst. Howard W. Sams/Bobbs-Merrill (paperback), \$1.50.

DANCING IN PETERSBURG: A Memoir of Imperial Russia, Exile, and the Ballet, by Mathilde Kschessinska; translated by Arnold Haskell. Doubleday, \$4.50.

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO MUSIC, by William Hugh Miller. Chilton, \$7.50.

SOUND IDEAS

An Equipment Review

By LARRY ZIDE

SEPTEMBER, for magazine writers, is really June-July, for what you read now must have been written during the summer months. In the audio field, that is the time when new products are being readied for fall presentation, so that the reviewer often finds himself with nothing at all to review for the September and October issues. The one product reported on this month is a kit that was originally scheduled for August. I postponed the evaluation in order to subject the unit to extra stringent tests—and at press time I heard that it may not be marketed!

Next month I expect to report on several products that are somewhat off the beaten path for this column. One is a car radio, the AM-FM Blaupunkt. All indications are that FM in the car is quite worth-while and in many ways far superior to conventional AM. Also, I have a new accessory, a phasing meter, useful in checking and testing a system's performance. A pleasant-sounding, accurate-speed, battery-operated portable record player will round out the October report.

In the months following I hope to discuss the new line of cartridges from Grado. Very early tests indicate them to be extraordinarily clean-sounding. Also in hand

A POWER amplifier is the one component in a music system that is supposed to be a completely silent partner. Once it has been installed, the tendency is to forget about this unit until, sometime later, its existence is returned to memory most forcefully by a tube failure. This is as it should be. A power amplifier is a slave unit; since it is plugged into the pre-amp it goes on and off with that unit.

The Acro 120 amp kit (\$159.50) is very much of the sort that can be installed and forgotten. In line with the trend today the Acro is an ultra-high-power unit, rated at 60 watts per channel by the manufac-

is a fascinating device from Fairchild. It's called the "Compadner". Its function is to restore the dynamic range of loud to soft that is compressed for almost all recordings.

The fall season shapes up, at this distance, as an especially interesting one. Virtually all manufacturers of electronic gear will have a multiplex tuner or receiver to offer. In fact, multiplex equipment will be far more plentiful than stations broadcasting with this method! Several new speakers, among them an interesting approach from Jensen, should mark real progress toward the goal of top quality at less than top prices. There also seems to be a trend towards miniaturization in equipment, in general, and this should produce several interesting products. Although a few transistorized components are on the market, the time for them to replace the tube seems a way off.

But the big industry push will be for multiplex. I rather expect that these pages will bulge with reports on new products designed for stereo FM. Meantime I'm hot in pursuit of rumors about a superlative new (and very inexpensive) turntable and revolutionary arms and cartridges that track at almost no weight.

turer. Such power demands a massive unit with large, heavy transformers. Don't

Acro Stereo 120 Amplifier Kit



be casual about picking up one of these amplifiers. Each has a dead weight of just under 50 pounds.

The heart of any amplifier is its output transformers. These are the primary quality-limiting parts of an amplifier. Were it practical to produce amplifiers *sans* output transformers, they would perform even better than they do. Needless to say, then, the choice of an output transformer is a most crucial one for the manufacturer. Acro has no problem here. They are one of the most respected of designers and manufacturers of audio transformers around.

The Acro 120 amplifier as reviewed here was received in kit form. If you have no stomach for kits the amp can be had factory-wired for \$219.50. The kit takes only about six hours to assemble because most of the critical wiring is pre-assembled on a heavy printed-circuit board. Unlike the Acro preamp reported on here some time ago, there are no problems with the instruction book. I found a few small errors. The manufacturer assures me that an errata sheet will carry corrections. For purchasers of kits shipped prior to this here they are:

- Page 10, instruction 40: add "Do not connect shield at this time."
- Page 10, instruction 43: change (S) to (S2).
- Page 10, instruction 47: Acro is now supplying an 18K resistor rather than the listed 15K.
- Page 11, instruction 5: add "be sure to observe correct polarity."
- Page 11, instruction 13: change (C) to (S).
- Page 15, instruction 29: There are two such wires. Be sure it is the one from hole A.
- Page 16, instruction 53: note the (S2). The other wire is the green one from SK5-P8.

On page 17, in the paragraphs referring to bias adjustment with the built-in meter, what the book calls "bias adjustment pots" should be called bias set pots. What are referred to as "bias balance pots" should be called bias adjustment pots.

Once completed, the amplifier is placed in optimum bias and balance condition via

an easy-to-use meter built onto the chassis. The meter also makes it easy to keep a constant check on tube condition.

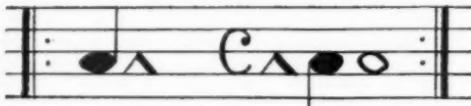
The unit I built turned out to be a most exceptional amplifier. In this day and age of exaggerated sales claims it is refreshing to find a product that has been very conservatively rated by its makers. As an example, the Acro is rated less than 1% IM at 60 watts output. I found, on my sample, 0.39% and 0.34% respectively for the two channels, at 70 watts output. And these at 16-ohm loads, which give a less "pretty" set of curves than 8-ohm loads do.

Clipping levels, too, were at or near the 70-watt mark from 20 to 20,000 cps. With all measurements, both channels were extremely close to each other, never greater than $\frac{1}{2}$ db apart. All in all, the instruments would tend to indicate an amplifier of virtually distortionless performance capable of meeting power requirements in excess of 70 watts.

But, as I have frequently stated, instruments tell only part of the story. The ultimate test is to plug the unit into a good system and play it. The Acro 120 is one of the few amplifiers that can be truly called completely transparent. Conventional adjectives do not apply to such a product. In short, the Acro is as fine an amplifier as can be obtained. It can and should be used only with the finest of auxiliary equipment so that full justice be done to the product. One special feature of note: a variable damping control that allows matching the 120 to different speakers is included as part of the design. It can be completely switched out of the circuit if desired.

It is difficult to say for sure, but the quality of the parts in this amplifier are such that long component life is to be expected. The output tubes (Genalex KT-77) are run conservatively. KT-88 or 6550 output tubes may be used if desired; the meter carries correct bias setting marks for these tubes.

The Acro 120 is an expensive amplifier. It is only a small bit better than units costing considerably less. Thus, the high cost of slight improvements in quality is once more apparent. The Acro, then, is for the person who must have the best.



A column for collectors
By STEVEN SMOLIAN

RECORD collectors, gird your purses. The big news is the re-emergence of the Urania label. Even the smug among us, those who already own all the records they think they want from this catalogue, will find themselves shelling out. For the ancient tapes from which many of these sides are derived are being remastered, taking advantage of the technical advances of the last ten years. Although the name "Urania" is to be used, some records will appear on the new "Avon" label at a lower price—a policy hardly designed to arouse antagonism in the ranks of collectors.

Of first importance in this catalogue are the vocals. Urania has vintage recordings of many fine singers—Tiana Lemnitz, Maria Cebotari, Margarete Klose, Erna Berger, Helge Roswaenge, Herbert Ernst Groh (with Franz Völker, my favorite operetta tenor), Heinrich Schlusnus, Wilhelm Strienz, and many others. If you can take Italian opera in German (perhaps an acquired taste), many exciting musical experiences await you. Perhaps I would be most pleased to see the reappearance of at least a portion of URLP-7027, "Solos and Duets by Helge Roswaenge and Heinrich Schlusnus". Six scenes from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" or, as it is here, "Der Macht des Schicksals", are rather well sung, but the really exciting moments are found in the scenes from "Don Carlo" (originally a German play, as were so many stories Verdi set to music). This is the way the Friendship Duet *should* go—virile, loud, and magnificently sung by two glorious voices. Far too often this selection sounds like a love duet. This is one of my "surprise your friends" records—and it never fails.

The Bridal Chamber scene from "Lohengrin" with Lemnitz and Völker is outstanding not so much for Lemnitz but rather for Franz Völker, whom I have not heard bettered in this selection (URLP-7019).

Among the complete operas issued a number remain exceptional by any stand-

ards. A complete "Rigoletto" in German featured Erna Berger (who repeated her success for Victor in Italian on Victor LM-6021, the only case I know of in which a major role was recorded complete by an artist in two tongues), Margarete Klose, Helge Roswaenge and Heinrich Schlusnus, to whom were added the voices of Georg Hann (my favorite post-1935 German bass) and Josef Greindl. This performance is still superior in a number of places to those which followed, but at times the engineering is rather crude. Roswaenge's last note his final time through *La donna e mobile* is apparently held *forte*, a diminuendo being supplied in the control room by what I take to be an attempt at having the Duke fade off into the distance via the volume control. Unfortunately, it sounds more as though he were being pushed off a cliff. This set has recently been reissued (in Germany only, not for export) by Deutsche Grammophon.

The Urania catalogue was graced with the only listing of Hugo Wolf's sole opera, "Der Corregidor", with another all-star cast. It featured Margarete Teschemacher, Marta Fuchs (remember her marvelous *Ho-Yo-To-Ho* on 78s in Victor M-582?), Karl Erb, Josef Hermann, and three outstanding basses: Georg Hann, Kurt Böhme and Gottlob Frick. This set is now available through one of the English record clubs, but if it is remastered here why import?

Urania also listed many operettas and German romantic operas, among which were Lehár's "Gypsy Love" and Strauss' "1001 Nights". Both are extremely well performed and the Strauss in particular is most pleasurable listening. I understand that these will probably be reissued with new libretto translations. They cannot help but be an improvement over what was formerly supplied with these albums.

But the glories of the Urania catalogue lie in the field of the lied. Who could conceive a more "right-for-each other" re-

lationship to surpass Schubert's *Viola* as sung by Tiana Lemnitz with the magnificent collaboration at the piano of Michael Raucheisen? *Viola* is one of Schubert's more extended lieder. Both Einstein and Cappel speak of it in disparaging terms. Tovey, however, devotes his only essay on a song to it—and, I feel, with good reason. Its haunting beauty is unique not only for its simplicity but also for its ability to charm on each repeated hearing. The abilities and, in particular, the sound of Lemnitz is perfectly suited to it, and the result is sheer delight.

Also of high caliber are a number of Margarete Klose's solo efforts. For example, her contribution to the Schubert-Schumann miscellany (URLP-7047) is the most memorable of those artists participating, although the three Schubert songs by Wilhelm Streinz are, in their simple way, quite telling. Klose's career on records has always displayed a sumptuous contralto. Her maturation as a *Kammersängerin* has been a slow process, as her earliest lieder records demonstrate. She began by adopting Julia Culp as a model, but where Culp had fully mastered the art of spinning out a song while taking every chance to display her remarkable voice, Klose's early discs exhibit a disturbing tendency to pour forth beautiful noise, and let the musical sense fall where it may. As her understanding deepened her discs improved, culminating in a fine series of 78s for Deutsche Grammophon and Electrola from about 1939 through 1943.

Contemporary with these are what I take to be a series of radio tapes which found their way into the Urania catalogue. Klose's unique ability to declaim within a song is preserved in the Schubert collection which takes up one side of URLP-7017. The record also demonstrates her wide choice of repertory, most unusual for an established singer, and her recital on URLP-7053 bears this out further. Featuring Pfitzner, Cornelius, Jensen, Grieg, and Strauss lieder, this disc is full of vital if seldom heard music, well sung and accompanied (The pianist is again Michael Raucheisen, a master at this sort of thing).

The orchestral and instrumental portions of the Urania list are for me less in-

teresting. Perhaps the prize is the coupling of the Dittersdorf Harp Concerto with Hoffman's Mandolin Concerto on URLP-7110. What a delectable pair of sides!

A most enjoyable "fun" piece which has little pretension to immortality but which gives considerable enjoyment is Strauss' "Taillefer" for soloists, chorus and orchestra, (URLP-7042), which features some very exciting singing. The participants, all in fine voice, are Maria Cebotari, Walter Ludwig, and Hans Hotter.

Incidentally, to those interested in the music of Hans Pfitzner (I confess that I am myself among that small but increasing number), there were three symphonies once listed in the Urania catalogue, only one of which has since been duplicated.

The first releases, which should be arriving in the shops about the time this appears, will consist of the following complete operas: Boito: "Mefistofele"; Offenbach: "La Grande Duchesse"; and Wagner: "Tannhäuser"—all in either stereo or two-channel monaural, as well as standard one-channel pressings. The Hoffmann-Dittersdorf will reappear, as will the Tiana Lemnitz records. The Maria Cebotari memorial is also slated for release. I think it should be pointed out that the *Marten aller Arten* may not be Cebotari. The sound is particularly poor in this selection, but I suspect that the soprano is Schwarzkopf.

I should add a word or two about Eugenia Zareska, star of the "Grande Duchesse". Her other Urania, "Ukrainian Folk Songs", is well worth owning. She has a number of records currently listed in the French catalogues which Angel might consider for American release. After all, her recording of Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* with Beinum and the Concertgebouw has yet to be equaled.

I hope that the resuscitation of the Urania catalogue proves to be the first light of a new dawn for the collector. I understand that arrangements have been made for the re-release of Haydn Society discs, and rumors of similarly exciting events persist. It is up to the record buyer to support such ventures, however, if he expects to share in the riches of catalogues past.

Stereotape Reviews

Peter C. Pfunke / Robert Jones / C. J. Lulen

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98*; Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Columbia MQ-323, \$7.95.

THIS performance is intelligent, muscular, warm, and well-executed. In short, about all that one could ask for. Columbia's rather strident stereo requires a good bit of treble cut to get things into proper balance, but it is then spacious and impressive.

—P.C.P.

DVOŘÁK: *Slavonic Dances, Opp. 46, 72*

SMETANA: "The Bartered Bride"—Overture, Polka, Furiant, Dance of the Comedians; Czech Philharmonic conducted by Karel Sejna (Dvořák) and Zdenek Chalabala (Smetana). Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Artia ASTB-504, \$11.95.

THERE are virtually ideal performances of what I sometimes think are the most satisfying orchestral pieces Dvořák ever produced. The *Slavonic Dances* celebrate the joy of living, of feeling your heart beat, the excitement of rhythm that makes you want to shake a leg.

The emotions aroused by these delightful numbers are universal, but the idiom in which the music is couched is very special—one, indeed, that seems to be completely understood only by the Czechs. For Sejna and his forces, playing these pieces seems as natural as breathing; and this is the first time one has heard the dances given their proper, easy spontaneity and brilliance since the Czech Philharmonic last recorded them under Talich.

Happily, these new performances are well recorded with an acceptable stereo spread. The only criticism that can be leveled against this tape's engineering are the pre-echoes which attend the beginning of each dance opening with a loud chord.

The adorable "Bartered Bride" excerpts are performed with animation and care

and just about as well engineered as the *Slavonic Dances*.

—C.J.L.

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 101 in D ("Clock"); Symphony No. 94 in G ("Surprise")*; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2030, \$8.95.

MONTEUX and the Vienna Philharmonic acquit themselves with highest honors. The playing of both symphonies is supple, graceful, and spirited. Delightful listening. Victor's sound is of the best.

—P.C.P.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde*; Maureen Forrester (contralto), Richard Lewis (tenor); Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-3002, \$14.95.

REINER'S *Song of the Earth* is remarkable for orchestral detail and clarity of texture, registered in the most transparent stereo imaginable. The trouble with the entire performance lies with the soloists. The tenor who undertakes *Das Lied* need not be a subtle interpreter of lieder, since his songs are mostly straightforward and extroverted. What he must possess, however, is a bright tone that is capable of piercing the orchestral fabric and the ability to sustain a high tessitura almost indefinitely. In short, a Melchior or a Bjoerling. Mr. Lewis sings well enough, but lacks the trumpet-like brilliance to be consistently effective.

The contralto who attempts *Das Lied* must, on the other hand, have an unlimited range of tone at her disposal and be able to employ it with the utmost subtlety. Miss Forrester sounds lovely nearly all the time, but the tone never varies. In vain does Mahler specify "tonelessly", "mellowly and expressively", "tenderly and softly". Miss Forrester sings them all in the same

lovely but essentially unvarying tone. The voice further lacks the volume for such phrases as "*O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt der Mond.*" The voice seems to be capable of soaring through such phrases, but Miss Forrester's evident determination to keep the tone safely covered and the placement "back" limits her soaring ability.

In sum, a distinguished orchestral performance, perhaps the best available, plus at least competent vocalism, and stunning sound.

—R.J.

MOZART: *Clarinet Concerto in A, K. 622*; Gervase De Peyer (Clarinet); *Horn Concerto No. 1 in D, K. 412*; *Horn Concerto No. 3 in E flat, K. 447*; Barry Tuckwell (horn); London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Peter Maag. Four Track 7 1/2 ips. Stereo Tape, London LCL-80053, \$7.95.

NEITHER the music nor the performances are in any way overbearing. The playing is delicate, spirited—in a gentle sort of way—and winning. The solo work is first-rate in all three concertos, particularly Tuckwell's horn playing. London's sound is of its best. In all, a delightful tape.

—P.C.P.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Nutcracker* (Complete Ballet); Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky. Four Track 7 1/2 ips. Stereo Tape, Artia ASTB-503, \$11.95.

ON pages 16-17 the virtues of this performance on disc are detailed. The sound of the recording is even cleaner in this tape edition, which has the additional advantage of only one break and that a natural one between the two acts. The cymbals are not well recorded, however, and their distortion is as apparent on tape as on disc.

—C.J.L.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Romeo and Juliet Overture*; **R. STRAUSS:** *Don Juan*; Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Four Track 7 1/2 ips. Stereo Tape, London LCL-80072, \$8.95.

THIS tape, scarcely better than the stereodisc, is not representative of Lon-



don's best engineering. Although the sound is wide-range, the balance is not good. The strings come from a distance, and the brasses emerge not quite in focus. From time to time the wind tone is not clean. Tape hiss is particularly aggressive in the Tchaikovsky. On the credit side, one finds a splendid definition of lower partials.

—C.J.L.

Organ Recital—BACH: *Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (BWV 542)*; *Chorale Prelude, "Wachet auf" (BWV 645)*; *Chorale Prelude, "Kommst du nun, Jesu, von Himmel herunter" (BWV 650)*; *Chorale Prelude, "Vom Himmel hoch, da komm' ich her (BWV 606)*; *Prelude and Fugue in E minor (BWV 548)*; *Toccata and Fugue in D minor (BWV 565)*; *Chorale Prelude, Ich ruf' zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ (BWV 639)*; *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor (BWV 582)*; **LISZT:** *Fantasia on B-A-C-H*; Karl Richter at the organ of the Victoria Hall, Geneva. Four Track 7 1/2 ips. Stereo Tape, London (Twin-Pak) LCK-80067, \$11.95.

TRICHTER'S conceptions are carefully thought out and beautifully executed, but his whole approach is lethargic. The C minor Passacaglia and Fugue, for instance, should be electrifying in its impact; here it is anything but that. The Liszt Fantasia and Fugue is, at best, a bravura-style showpiece; here it is played without showmanship and it is a terrible bore. What is most consistently annoying is the consistently slow tempi chosen. Even the lovely little three-part chorale prelude *Ich ruf' zu dir* is more plodding than flowing. London's sound, however, is of first rank. Another view of these performances is presented on page 966 of the August, 1960, ARG.

P.C.P.

THE MONTH'S JAZZ

Martin Williams / Mail Edey / Don Heckman / Robert Levin

Ella Fitzgerald: "The Harold Arlen Song Book". Verve set V-4046-2, \$9.98.

▲AN almost ideal meeting of talents—Ella Fitzgerald, Harold Arlen (him and his diminished thirds), and scoring by Billy May—all of them affected by jazz, pervasively and/or deeply. Probably this is the best of Miss Fitzgerald's "song book" series although I hold out for several of the small-group tracks in the Ellington set. *The Man That Got Away* is slightly inhibited by a too-slow tempo and what sounds like the wrong key, but otherwise Miss Fitzgerald is in excellent form and May is commendably unmimicked within his own style. There are also some chatty notes by Edward Jablonski. I would guess that we can all be very happy that he spared his opinion of Miss Fitzgerald's wonderful, spontaneous variations on the last choruses of *Get Happy, When The Sun Comes Out, I Got A Right To Sing The Blues*, et cetera, and throughout *Blues In The Night, Stormy Weather, Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea, Ill Wind*. Some say Miss Fitzgerald is not really a jazz singer. If she ain't singin' jazz, what is she doin'? —M.W.

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis Johnny Griffin: *The Tenor Scene*. Prestige 7191, \$4.98.

▲THE Davis Griffin Quintet is a volatile combination of two elements that had never before, in isolation from each other, reached such a state of explosiveness. Both Davis and Griffin are well known in their own rights, Davis as a mainstream, blues-styled tenor formerly with Shirley Scott and Griffin as Chicago's gift to hard bop. At first hearing the two horns sound similar, but personal idiosyncrasies are soon revealed. Both swing extremely hard, and both are exceptionally gifted with technical skills; Griffin uses the rhythms a bit more fluently than Davis, but the latter (perhaps because of his rhythm and blues experiences) is more firmly based in traditional practice—the almost out-of-tempo declamations of blues scales and the brief little vocalized rhythmic surges. My only criticism is of the monochromatic emotional content—the almost brutal

rhythmic drive becomes terribly fatiguing, even during the course of one side of the record (side 2 is the worst in this respect). But judged on its own terms the record is successful; certainly there are few other players around who could maintain this sort of intensity. —D.H.

Dave McKenna and Hal Overton: *Dual Piano Jazz*. Bethlehem BCP-6049, \$4.98.

▲SUCCESSFUL piano duets are rare. Those that have succeeded have usually depended on careful advance preparation and a minimum of improvisation (example: Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn) or on mutual adherence to certain definite boundaries of harmony and phrasing (example: Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons). Two pianists improvising together face difficulties which horn players don't have to worry about. Not only must their melodic lines support and stay clear of each other (the horn players' problem), but chords and voicings must not be allowed to conflict. An LP made two or three years ago by Bill Evans and Bob Brookmeyer (United Artists UAL-3044) illustrates the hazards very clearly. Evans and Brookmeyer are both marvelous pianists, but without preparation their very different harmonic concepts caused some bad blur and confusion.

Dave McKenna and Hal Overton have succeeded beautifully for several reasons. First, there was obviously some rehearsal. Secondly, each seems to understand the other's style fully, and each sounds as though he were willing to make some necessary—but not incapacitating—concessions. Third, when one pianist "solos", he either leaves his left hand out of it entirely, or restricts it to the most basic inversions to avoid a harmonic clash, while the other pianist provides a full two-handed accompaniment.

Both McKenna and Overton are excellent musicians. The record is a co-operative affair, but insofar as either voice is dominant it is McKenna's. He is one of the few pianists so individualistic that a bar or two is enough to identify him; his liquid lines, ringing clarity of touch, and

characteristic grace notes are like nothing else in modern piano. Choice of tunes was good (although Dardanella, a limiting vehicle, sounds as though it were overcome, rather than just played—except for McKenna's wonderful coda). Three, including the lovely *Ruby My Dear*, are by Monk. Earl May and Jerry Segal are on bass and drums. —M.E.

Zoot Sims: *Choice*. Pacific Jazz PJ-20, \$4.98.

▲WARM, happy, easygoing, conservative music from two sessions, one a San Diego concert in 1954, the other a Hollywood studio date in 1959. Sims has always been one of the more direct and uncluttered tenor saxophonists in the neo-Lester Young school, and survives today as its most permanently pleasing and creative member. That creativity is not of the spectacular sort; it shows in the personal and imaginative way he treats an old style and old methods. The concert group includes Gerry Mulligan, Bob Brookmeyer (on piano most of the time), Jon Eardley, Red Mitchell, and Larry Bunker, all in roles more or less subsidiary to Sims; it has the slightly stiff, two-beat quality characteristic of the West Coast jazz of a few years ago. I myself prefer the second date, with Monte Budwig, Jim Hall, Russ Freeman, and Mel Lewis (Hall replaced on one track by Billy Bean). By 1959 Zoot's playing had lost the Getz-like west-coast inflections that occasionally crept in at the 1954 concert; his lines are more tastefully edited and wonderfully distilled. —M.E.

Robert Pete Williams: *Free Again*. Prestige/Bluesville 1026, \$4.98.

Lightnin' Hopkins: *Lightnin'*. Prestige/Bluesville 1019, \$4.98.

▲HOPKINS and Williams are both southern Negro folk-blues singers. Hopkins is well-known and recorded with what seems to be increasing frequency; Williams has previously been recorded only on Harry Oster's small and specialized Folk-Lyric label.

Speaking very strictly, Williams is hardly a blues singer at all; his music represents an earlier stage in American Negro song, a stage in which the standard eight- and twelve-bar forms had not yet crystallized. In effect, he is singing hollers (brief, blues lines—conceived without a harmonic foundation—of a sort from which the blues itself probably evolved) with guitar accompaniment. Several of the songs fall into the blues three-line pattern, although with a rudimentary and irregular sense of chorus structure. Others are virtually formless: lines of varying length projected at intervals over a complex guitar accompaniment in which different phrases surge up, are repeated and

varied. His voice is coarse, dark, and bleak, very expressive within a small range. The timing of his vocal phrases is very free, and dramatic rather than musical.

In his way, Williams can be a brilliant guitarist, far ahead of most country blues performers in both technique and inventiveness (although I wish he had a better instrument). He plays complex patterns, a web of bass lines, chords, and treble figures, usually sticking to a predominantly minor mode (no chord changes in the usual sense), but departures into the major, as well as blue notes and glissandi, leave an over-all effect of modal ambiguity in some songs. He uses a wide variety of tonal effects, including staccato notes on deadened strings.

The album is quite uneven, but there are three remarkable songs. *Thumbing a Ride* is an extraordinary yearning, swinging piece with cadences faintly reminiscent of flamenco music. *I've Grown So Ugly* is a violent chiller, a lament of bitterness and horror. Over bizarre, lurching guitar figures on damped strings he sings about seeing his aging face in the mirror. *Death Blues* is a sad talking blues in a loose extended form, with lovely guitar. I find these pieces more moving every time I play them.

Lightnin' Hopkins is one of the very best blues singers now being recorded. His repertoire is almost infinite in the sense that he will continue to make up new lyrics until he is too old to do so, but most of this flow of textual invention is set to only four or five pieces of music. On this album, for instance, *Thinking 'Bout An Old Friend*, *Katie May*, and *Shinin' Moon* are musically virtually the same—Lightnin's basic slow blues with the same lazy triplets. Of course, variety isn't the thing that matters in this music, and what Lightnin' does is usually so good that it bears repetition from track to track, and even from album to album. He is the most casual and relaxed of blues singers, and the variety in his music is the variety of methods he brings to any one piece, rather than variety in repertoire. His alterations of pitch, his changes in volume, his slurs, his fragmentary boogie basses, his lyrical chording and guitar lines all provide a constantly shifting texture.

Prestige gave him a rhythm section—Leonard Gaskin and Belton Evans—for this date. Putting bass and drums under a singer like Lightnin' is usually a risky business; many drummers would respond with a heavy backbeat and triplets of their own, a rock and roll style. Evans, though, is light and unobtrusive. Gaskin is forced to stick to three or four notes throughout; Lightnin's disregard of the changes must have driven him nuts. —M.E.

sweet and swinging

By FRED REYNOLDS

TO THE BEST of my knowledge, Verve Records states the truth when it billboards its **Blockbustin' Dixie** as the only recorded appearance together of trumpeter Al Hirt and clarinetist Pete Fountain. But the company does a poor job in its liner notes by not giving facts about the album. Having no proof to the contrary, I would say that it has the sound of age about it—at least if it isn't age it is not well recorded. (My review copy is monaural and I couldn't find a stereo version.) Still, that isn't terribly important. The vitality of any recording is in its music, and "Blockbustin' Dixie" is loaded with excellent music.

While Hirt and Fountain have both become well known for a couple of their more inane performances—Fountain's on the Lawrence Welk TV stanza and Hirt's on Dinah Shore's show—they are in truth two of the finest musicians around. Hirt's playing is both powerful and imaginative. He's generally a strident trumpeter, sailing through the music with a confidence that is wonderful to hear. Pete Fountain is probably the best clarinetist we have today. His style bears a marked resemblance to that made famous by the late Irving Fazola, his tone is liquid and clean, and his versatility is remarkable. Backed by such New Orleans jazzmen as trombonist Bob Havens, pianist Ray Zimmerman, bassist Bob Coquille, and drummer Paul Edwards, Hirt and Fountain swing brilliantly through such Dixieland evergreens as *Washington and Lee Swing*, *Jazz Me Blues*, *South Rampart Street Parade*, *Sugar, Tin Roof Blues*, *Royal Garden Blues*, *The Original Dixieland One Step*, and *Wolverine Blues*. Of them all, *Tin Roof* is my favorite, featuring as it does a soulful, low-register solo by Pete.

Taking its theme from an earlier Frank Sinatra album and from one of the best songs written in the past several years, Capitol has a smooth, easy-swinging album by Van Alexander and His Orchestra titled **Let's Dance the Last Dance** (ST-1457). Alexander, in case you may not remember, did have his own band during the heyday of the dance bands, and he did arrange for both Chick Webb and Ella Fitzgerald. This new recording of his features effortless and warm dance music

and, aside from the title tune, such favorites as *I'll Be Seeing You*, *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*, *I'll See You in My Dreams* and *Goodnight Sweetheart* are romantically presented.

Since we happened to mention Sinatra, it seems appropriate to bring up the subject of the latest Oscar Peterson Trio recording—**A Jazz Portrait of Frank Sinatra** (Verve MG V-8334). In my opinion, this man is without question one of the finest pianists in popular or jazz music, and I think that distinction needs to be made. His interpretations are such that they should appeal both to the serious jazz student and to the person who only cares about hearing good music well performed. Obviously, this album is a Peterson run-down of a number of the songs with which Sinatra, through his vocalizing, has become inextricably linked—*You Make Me Feel So Young*, *Come Dance With Me*, *Learnin' the Blues*, *Witchcraft*, *I Get a Kick Out of You*, etc. And as Peterson himself points out: "This album is not only a tribute to Frank Sinatra, but also my emotional interpretation of the feelings I get when I hear him. I have tried, therefore, to paint as well as I can a portrait, told in my personal terms, of Frank Sinatra." He accomplishes his task magnificently.

The latest outing by the Kingston Trio—**Goin' Places** (Capitol ST-1564)—is rather a bore. Actually, these guys to my ears have been running down-hill. Despite words on the album cover to the contrary, generally speaking the songs presented by the trio in this instance are too often second- and third-rate. Nor does there seem to be the *joie de vivre* that has always pervaded the Kingston's albums up to this time. My advice is to skip this album unless you are a real squirrel about the Kingston Trio.

Ever since Mitch Miller started this crazy group-singing jag, every cornball group in the land has been trying to climb aboard his shooting star. The latest is **Summer Camp Songs** by Hugo and Luigi with their Children's Chorus (RCA Victor LPM-2369). If you happen to be the kind who adores listening to a bunch

of kids singing such madrigals as *The Bear Went Over the Mountain*, *The Yellow Rose of Texas*, *I've Been Working on the Railroad*, and *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain*, then go out and get this album.

A swingin' cat named Eddie Heller has produced three stellar albums for M-G-M that all fall into the ping-pong category although all are a cut above ordinary for they happen to specialize in good music. They are **Spectacular Guitars and Strings** by Leroy Holmes and His Orchestra (SE-3919), **Spectacular Percussion Goes Latin** (SE-3921) and **Spectacular Brass Goes Cha-Cha-Cha** (SE-3920) the latter two by Roger King Mozman and His Orchestra. In particular the Holmes recording is fine. Here is a man who has had many excellent records to his credit as well as dozens of great arrangements. And for his M-G-M album he doesn't so lose himself in the back-and-forth that he forgets he is presenting music first and spectacular stereo second. Also, his choice of such numbers as *The Breeze and I*, *Dolce far Niente*, *My Shawl*, *The Rain in Spain*, *Vaya Con Dios*, and *Adios* cannot be topped.

While I have not been one always to extol Morton Gould, I am especially taken with his new RCA Victor album **Beyond the Blue Horizon** (LSC-2552). First of all the songs—*Beyond the Blue Horizon*, *Stardust*, *Stormy Weather*, *Where or When*, *The Very Thought of You*, *Over the Rainbow*, *Body and Soul*, *Speak Low*, *Poinciana*, *Shadow Waltz*, and *Time on My Hands*—are about as great as you can get in one collection. In the second place, each arrangement has about it a terrific spark of imagination, especially the title number with its kind of railroad theme. For another reason, the recording itself is very clean and clear. It seems to me this LP has all the ingredients for superlative and continuous listening enjoyment.

Incidentally, Capitol has taken a number of its more successful monophonic albums and reissued them in something called "Duo-phonics Sound". I guess it's better. It is also a nice way of getting a further investment on some things that have paid very nice dividends. If you've never had the albums in your collection, most of them are worth your money; if you have the ones you want in their original monophonic editions and they're still in good condition, don't throw dollars away replacing them with the new duo-phonics. There just isn't that much improvement.

During the past several years trumpeter Jonah Jones has made a great deal of

music that has made a great deal of sense. He may not be the most magnificent jazz stylist in the world, but his specialized formula of melodic swing is both commercial and entertaining. He blows his horn with a real righteous quality. Jonah's latest for Capitol is **Great Instrumental Hits** (ST-1557), in which he, his quartet, and a do-do-do, za-za kind of swinging chorale attack instrumental hits of past years, such as *The Poor People of Paris*, *Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White*, *April in Portugal*, *The Third Man Theme*, *Theme from Picnic*, and *The Song from Moulin Rouge*. Depending, therefore, upon your favor for the tunes, this may well be an album you'll want in your collection.

Newest in Mercury's "Perfect Presence Sound Series" is **Percussion Parisienne** (PPS-6008), which has the David Carroll orchestra playing the likes of *The Poor People of Paris*, *Mimi*, *Petite Fleur*, *Gaite Parisienne*, *Blues from An American in Paris*, and *Dites Moi*. As is always the case, there are more stereo gymnastics in this LP than you would find in the normal run of regular album releases. But Carroll has handled everything tastefully and with light humor. The playing is impeccable, the sound is excellent, and the flavor is cosmopolitan.

A pleasant album indeed is **Popular Piano Concertos from the Great Broadway Musicals** (Warner Brothers W-1415) performed by pianist George Greeley with an able assist from the Warner Brothers orchestra. In the liner notes, Paul Weston sums up Greeley very well when he states that "Greeley is a good pianist. He has ability, but more important, he has sincerity, and he brings wonderful sincerity to every one of his piano performances." This is not, let me make it clear, an exciting album. It is more one of sweeping charm, easy listening, light refreshment. The melodies are some of the best ever written for the Broadway musical theater—*You'll Never Walk Alone*, *The Girl that I Marry*, *I Love Paris*, *Guinevere*, *If I Loved You*, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, *I Have Dreamed*, and others in the same class.

Tonight Only (Columbia CS-8409) brings together the Dave Brubeck Quartet and Carmen McRae performing eight compositions by Dave and two members of the quartet, Paul Desmond and bass player Eugene Wright, and one extremely weak tune that has been kicking around in jazz circles for the past twenty years. The album leaves me with no mixed emotions—I don't like it. Blame it on the songs—they're nowhere.

Unlikely Corners

THE USUAL occupant of this space is an admirer, to put it mildly, of the contemporary songsmith Harold Arlen. He even wrote a book about him. At the risk of being thought an ungracious guest, however, I must say that I differ violently with the sentiments expressed in one of Arlen's earliest (1931) and most famous madrigals—*I Love a Parade*. The truth is that I hate parades, really hate them, as I think all former newspapermen must. And yet there is a time and a place for everything, even parades, and if I have to be subjected to them I would most of all like to suffer the ordeal in the comfort of my living room. Which brings me almost to the point of all this. Somewhat overstated (by George M. Cohan, if memory serves), the point is that you won't do any business without a band.

Well, London Records has quite a bit of business, but it wants more. And in terms of quality it is entitled to more, because year in and year out it has made the finest product in the world. But its product has been "classical" by and large, and at that mostly operatic, and this is not the kind of fare that makes millions. Millions of dollars *or* millions of pounds. And one of the most important facts about London's new "Phase 4" Stereo, so called, is that it represents a huge investment in dollars, not pounds, for this program was initiated by Leon Hartstone of the label's New York office, which is to say that it is not, for once, British-born, although the elite of English Decca (London's parent company) was enlisted to insure the closest possible approach to perfection for these recordings. Tony D'Amato of the Manhattan headquarters went to England and stayed for months meshing his firm ideas about what America wanted with the equally firm convictions of an incomparable engineering staff unaccustomed to addressing its genius to

such ingenuous music as the miscellany detailed on the page opposite.

If I seem to be avoiding any direct discussion of these releases, it is not because they are less than sensational, spectacular, awesome. As sonic experiences *per se*, they are quite beyond hyperbole. Most especially does this apply to the parade disc entitled **Pass in Review**, which is the damndest re-creation of the real thing (*any* real thing) I have ever heard.

The same superlatives apply to **The Percussive Twenties**, about which perhaps the highest compliment I can submit is that my ordinarily phlegmatic feline (his name is Richard and he has shown strong reactions only to the Cornell ornithological series and the pussy-cat imitations in "*L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*") actually turned to look at the extension telephone, not at the speakers, when a ring signaled the opening of *Tea for Two*—after which he glanced from speaker to speaker as the band continued with a left-right boy-girl conversation. My only objection to this disc, and I suppose it shows up the purist in me, is its indiscriminate use of the chromatic timpani, which certainly is not associated much with the twenties.

For me, the really significant things about this pilot release are (1) the roseate prospects for "classical" music if such techniques of reproduction are applied to it, which surely they will be, and (2) the equally delicious but much less predictable prospects for really independent action on the part of American London, which has rarely had much to do with originating repertoire and richly deserves an opportunity to establish an identity of its own. The sales figures on this grand experiment will profoundly affect the latter eventualty, and to that extent at the very least the "Phase 4" series is entitled to the enthusiastic support of all.

Like the best of Enoch Light's Com-

mand records, the "Phase 4" concept has been very, very carefully thought out. This is sound, SOUND, SOUND, for its own sake, and on those terms "the end".

And the best news is that the most plaguing problem in present-day recording—how to get on the disc *all* that is on the tape—seems to me to have been solved more satisfactorily than ever before.

London explains its choice of a soubriquet for "Phase 4" as follows. Phase 1 (1958) aimed at concert hall realism. Phase 2 (1959) emphasized separation à la ping-pong. Phase 3 (early this year) achieved "moving sounds", which was a boon for opera in particular. And now, in Phase 4, we have "new scoring concepts incorporating true musical use of separation and movement". . .

...the musical arranger (who up until now was accustomed only to writing musical figures in the conventional way on ordinary two-dimensional manuscript paper) now has to envision the sounds he hears in his head as they relate to each other in the extra dimension of space afforded by stereo reproduction. This is not unlike the student of plane geometry (accustomed to only two-dimensional geometric forms) who, as he advanced to the mathematics of solid geometry, had to create in his mind the image of a third dimension, the new dimension adding countless new geometrical forms and possibilities. And just as the student of geometry had to employ ordinary two-dimensional paper to depict and convey three-dimensional figures and thinking, so the musical arranger, restricted to two-dimensional musical staves, had to create new forms of musical annotation and scoring to convey his musical concept. [See front cover.]

"With completed scores and control sheets in hand, the arranger, the A & R man, the performing artists, and the engineers have to pore over the complex scores until they are confident all can feel and 'hear' what the arranger has in mind. Through a complicated network of microphones, switches, and dials, the music envisioned by the arranger comes into reality as the engineer captures on 4-track master tape the complete and true musical concept of the arranger. With music finally recorded on the master four tracks, the remaining steps to complete Phase 4 are highly crucial and still involve not only the engineer, but the musical staff as well, to insure that the arranger's concept is carried through right down to the finished disc."

What does all this soft-sell copy add up to? Just about the most exciting sound I have ever heard—and, more to the point, the promise of even better sound for more worth-while music if Phase 4 catches the public fancy. Either of these is grounds enough to hope for the success of these

recordings. As I suppose I must have made clear, I wouldn't give the stuff shelf room except for its value as "demo" material to show off my system. But then my snobbery goes in another direction. It behooves us to remember that the concept of *de gustibus* is the cornerstone of the record industry.

—J.L.

London's Phase 4 Stereo Release

(Also available in mono: numbers P-54001/12)

SP 44001 PASS IN REVIEW

Production directed by Bob Sharples—Featuring the music of several nations as performed by various marching and parade bands and recorded as if the listener were actually on the reviewing stand, watching and listening to the marchers pass in review. Including many novel stereo and sound effects. Selections include: Rule Britannia; Scotland the Brave; Waltzing Matilda; La Ritirata Italiana; Mexican Hat Dance; Lili Marlene; When the Saints Go Marching In; Dixie; Anchors Aweigh; Meadowland; Stars and Stripes, etc.

SP 44002 BIG BAND PERCUSSION

Ted Heath and his Music—Johnny One Note; Blues in the Night; Peanut Vendor; More Than You Know; Poinciana; Drum Crazy; Talking a Chance on Love; It Ain't Necessarily So; Daddy; Mood Indigo; Those Swell; But Not For Me.

SP 44003 BONGOS FROM THE SOUTH

Edmundo Ros and his Orchestra—Lisbon Antigua; Deep in the Heart of Texas; In a Little Spanish Town; Roses From the South; Taboo; La Comparsa; Moon Over Miami; Lady of Spain; El Cumbanchero; When the Saints Go Marching In; Brazil; My Old Kentucky Home.

SP 44004 EXOTIC PERCUSSION

Stanley Black and his Orchestra—Temptation; By the Waters of Minnetonka; Adieu Tristesse; Jungle Drums; Hymn to the Sun; Babalu; Old Devil Moon; Baia; Moon of Manakoora; Misiriu; Flamingo; Caravan.

SP 44005 PERCUSSIVE MOODS

Johnny Keating's Kombo—Colonel Bogey; In the Still of the Night; Mountain Greenery; Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me; Headin' North; The Donkey Serenade; The Trolley Song; Delilah; Balla Ha'; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; It Had to Be You; Adios.

SP 44006 THE PERCUSSIVE TWENTIES

Eric Rogers and his Orchestra—Tiger Rag; Whispering; Black Bottom; Tea for Two; Ain't She Sweet; Fascinating Rhythm; Chicago; Me and My Shadow; Who?; The Birth of the Blues; Charleston; She's Funny That Way.

SP 44007 MELODY AND PERCUSSION FOR TWO PIANOS

Rennie Aldrich and his Two Pianos—Unforgettable; Secret Love; To Each His Own; Ruby; April in Portugal; My One and Only Love; Autumn Leaves; Misty; Golden Earrings; Young at Heart; April Love; The Gypsy.

SP 44008 PERCUSSION IN THE SKY

Werner Müller and his Orchestra—You Are My Lucky Star; The High and the Mighty; Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes; I've Got the Sun in the Morning; Blue Moon; Look for a Star; Moonlight Becomes You; Over the Rainbow; I'm Sitting On Top of the World; The Moon Was Yellow; Stairway to the Stars; When You Wish Upon a Star.

SP 44009 PERCUSSIVE OOMPNAH

Rudi Bohn and his Band—Beer Barrel Polka; Liechtensteiner Polka; Pennsylvania Polka; Too Fat Polka; Good-Bye; Trink, trink, Brüderlein, trink; O du lieber Augustin; The Happy Wanderer; Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart; Mack the Knife; Accordion Joe; In München steht ein Hofbrauhaus.

SP 44010 PERCUSSION AROUND THE WORLD

International "Pop" All Stars—Volare; Poor People of Paris; Never On Sunday; La Montana; April in Portugal; Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart; Japanese Sandman; Third Man Theme; Cacique's Children's Marching Song; Cleito Lindo; Frenesi.

SP 44011 TWELVE STAR PERCUSSION

International "Pop" All Stars—La Mer; Why Don't You Do Right; Three Blind Mice; Green Eyes; Lover; I Got Rhythm; Button Up Your Overcoat; Just A Gigolo; We'll Be Together Again; Pennies From Heaven; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Adios Muchachos.

SP 44012 PERCUSSIVE LATIN TRIO

Los Machucambos—La Cucaracha; Perfida; La Bamba; Pepito; Adios; La Palomita; Amor Amor; Pajaro Campana; Olorino Laringolo; Granada; Cascada; Subo Subo.

Folk Music

(See also pages 51 and 52 in this issue.)

THE JEWISH New Year is just about here, so let us this month look at the recordings of Jewish music currently on the market. There is an impressive array of cantorial music from a number of different countries, embodying a variety of musical styles—folk music from the Ashkenazy, Sephardic, and Oriental worlds, Chassidic music brought up to date in modern folksy style, and popular music from Israel.



Pinchik, Cantor of Eminence. Eminent Records. Vol. 2; HG-101; price not given.

Cantor Josef Rosenblatt. *Masterpieces of the Synagogue*, RCA Camden CAL-507, \$1.98.

▲THE institution of the cantor, or *Hazzan*, had its greatest exponents in Pierre Pinchik and Josef Rosenblatt. Inheritors of Occidental traditions, and generously endowed with lyrical tenor voices and impeccable techniques, they express the requisite religious ecstasy, fervor, and pathos. Of the two, Rosenblatt was the better known and more widely loved, principally because of his ability to project warmth and intimacy. Pinchik's singing, so pure and exact in all details, astounds the listener but does not fully communicate the message of religious spirituality. These releases were recorded in the 1920s but, although the instrumental accompaniment has the tinny sound of that period, the voices come through with acceptable fidelity. Excellent notes on both records.



Hebraic Chants for the Holy Days. The Marcel Lorand Trio. Parliament PHP-133-2, \$3.98.

Music of the French Synagogue. Collectors Guild CG-592, \$4.98.

▲PARLIAMENT'S two-record set is the more interesting because of the archaic treatment and performance of the material. The prayers and *piyyutim* (religious poetry) sung here are compositions of Jewish poets of the 9th-19th centuries. The cantor sings the embellishments and the long, winding melodies without operatic bravura, and the responses by the trio in unison with simple harmony at the cadences evoke the simplicity and devotional quality of medieval music. Scholarly notes by Daniel Gershenson offer pertinent information on the origins of each selection. *Ani Maamin*, based on the belief in the coming of the Messiah, is expanded by an insert in Yiddish composed during the second World War, when it became the

By HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

song of the Jews deported to Nazi death camps.

A characteristic feature of French synagogue music is the mixture of two important Jewish traditions, the Ashkenazy and Sephardic. During the rule of Charlemagne and his son Louis "Le Débonnaire", the Ashkenazy Jews from Eastern Europe settled in Alsace and Lorraine. The Sephardic Jews, fleeing from Spain and Portugal at the end of the 15th century, went to Bordeaux and Bayonne. Another group of Jews from Avignon and Carpentras developed a combination of these two traditions. This collection is well illustrated with examples of the main trends in French synagogal music. Also included are late 19th-century compositions by Samuel Naumbourg. Arrangements for solo, chorus, and organ by Samuel David and Leon Alzazi, present musical director of the Rothschild Synagogue, unfortunately remind one more of Christian liturgical music than Jewish, but the basic melodic material is of high caliber.

There is a sad addendum to the liner notes which reads "This limited edition is dedicated to the memory of those singers on the recording who lost their lives in Nazi concentration camps." It is indeed fortunate that this pre-war release has been salvaged. The original masters were either lost or destroyed during the Nazi occupation.



The Divine Covenant. Bar Mitzvah, Bas Mitzvah, Confirmation, Candle Records LP-113; price not given.

▲THIS record is designed to give the candidates for Bar Mitzvah, Bas Mitzvah, and Confirmation the historical background and significance of these important occasions in the life of Jewish youth. Ray Middleton, musical comedy star, narrates the spoken commentary and sings the musical portions, assisted at appropriate intervals by three youngsters, a chorus, and organ and piano played by the well-known Yasha Zayde. The author of this work is a composer of pop tunes, Gerald Marks. According to the notes Mr. Marks carefully gathered material for this recording from scholars and Orthodox, Conservative and Reform rabbis. It is a pity, then, that the results are so banal. The musical portions may be suitable for second-rate musicals, but certainly not for religious purposes. I see no advantage to be gained from sugar-coating a great tradition with this kind of vulgarity.

Kol Nidrei and Yom Kippur Service—

Highlights. Cantor Sholom Katz. Choir of Chizuk Amuno Congregation, Baltimore, conducted by Hugo Weisgall. Westminster XWN-18858, \$4.98.

Sabbath Song—A Friday Evening Service. Cantor Arthur Koret, tenor; The Emanuel Synagogue Choir. Classic Editions CE-1044, \$4.98.

▲BOTH these modern adaptations of traditional liturgical music are professionally expert, and led by cantors of vocal and artistic eminence. For my taste I prefer the Westminster release, because the imaginative modern harmonizations follow more faithfully the spirit of Jewish traditions. The Chizuk Amuno Congregation Choir under Hugo Weisgall is also worthy of mention. The 19th-century German-type harmonizations which the excellent Emanuel Choir execute seem to belong more to the Christian than the Jewish world.

Sing My Heart. 12 Songs Composed and Sung by Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach with Choir and orchestra arranged and conducted by Milton Okun. Zimra Records Z-202, \$4.98.

▲PERHAPS Rabbi Carlebach would be more convincing if he simply used his guitar for these usually unaccompanied melodies. Though he has a certain gift for melodic invention based on his people's traditions, the overdone ensemble treatment is out of place. The Rabbi has a pleasant voice, but nowhere is fervent Chassidic outpouring, joyful ecstasy or burning religious devotion evident in his performance.

Songs of the Sabras. Karmon Israeli Folk Dancers and Singers. Vanguard VRS-9060, \$4.98.

A Town Hall Concert. Oranim Zabar—Geula Gill. Elektra EKL-201, \$4.98.

Hora—Songs and Dances of Israel. Oranim Zabar Troupe featuring Geula Gill. Elektra EKL-186, \$4.98.

Sabra—The Young Heart of Israel. Ron and Nama. Elektra EKL-187, \$4.98.

▲THE Karmon Israeli troupe is to my mind the most attractive of these Israeli ensembles. As we discovered on an earlier release, they have a youthful and unaffected style. While the songs in this collection are not so felicitous as the previous group, there is enough bounce and sweet gaiety to make up for the occasional musical weaknesses. The arranger Gil Aldema, a young Israeli musician, is represented as the composer of several tunes. Although these settings of modern Israeli songs for chorus and instruments are sensitive and musical, they have become formulas. Surely unison singing and the

polyphonic treatment found traditionally among Mediterranean and oriental peoples would be a welcome relief from the customary straight harmonizations, particularly when variety is needed on these long LPs. Instrumental accompaniment would benefit by the use of stringed instruments like the *ud*, so popular in this part of the world.

The popular Oranim Zabar group presents an interesting selection of songs from many countries in their Town Hall disc. Geula Gill, the featured singer, displays admirable technical skill and tosses off the difficult embellishments and long vocal passages of Spanish and Middle Eastern music with ease and aplomb. Miss Gill and Dov Selzer, the troupe's arranger, show knowledge and respect for the distinctive characteristics of these varied musical forms and give them their due;

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both are excellent entertainers who perform with polish and theatrical glitter. Yet with all these virtues the performance is coldly intellectual, instead of warm and human.

This disc entitled "Hora" features dance songs now popular in Israel. The Rumanian *hora*, the Polish *krakowiak*, and the Middle Eastern *debka* are among the dances brought by immigrants to the Jewish homeland in recent years. Modified on new territory, they now form part of the ever-expanding repertory of Israeli folk dance.

Ron and Nama are young Israeli sophisticates. Though they sing of the *kkibbutzim*, the conquest of the desert, and Israel's expanding industrial development, their manner is more appropriate to the night club than to the campfire. They are delightful, amusing, and full of high spirits, but they fall short in subtlety and feeling. The songs are a liberal mixture of traditional and popular tunes with expert accompaniments performed by well-known instrumentalists.

Isa Kremer Sings Yiddish Folk Songs.

Collectors Guild CG-Y604, \$4.98.

▲THE reissue of records by a famous musical personality of the past always arouses curiosity not unmixed with suspicion. The question that comes to mind is: was the artist's popularity based on real virtue, or on her admirers' romanticized recollections?

In the case of Russian-born Isa Kremer (1887-1956), opera star, concert singer, and interpreter of folk songs, the praise and adulation heaped on her during her lifetime is unquestionably deserved. Like a true art singer, she put expressiveness before considerations of vocal purity. This does not imply that her vocal gifts were inferior or that her technique was casual or careless. Like the excellent Conchita Supervia of Spain, she gave upmost importance to the meaning of the text. Laughter, nostalgia, grief, and tenderness were expressed almost literally in her singing, and like other singers of her period, she used costumes, props and miming to heighten the effect.

According to those who remember her (and which this record affirms), the power and persuasion of her talents were such that she could communicate to each member of the audience personally. It is to Isa Kremer's credit as an artist that she preserved the intimate nature of Jewish folk songs even when she sang before audiences numbering thousands.

The notes mention a concert in Constantinople which Mme. Kremer gave for the harem women of the last Turkish sultan, Mohammed VI. One can only muse at the effect such familiar love songs as

Lomir Beyde a Libe Shpiln (Let's Fall in Love) or *Bistu Mit Mir Broyges* (If you are Angry with Me) must have had on the "giggling wives and concubines" of the seraglio.

This collection of Eastern European melodies includes songs of courtship, of the disillusionment of love and marriage, of religious faith and the hardships of life. Since many Jewish folk songs are not anonymous (and yet merit the title "folk-song") it is unfortunate that the names of composers and poets are omitted.

Sound is surprisingly good.

Ladino Folk Songs. Judeo-Spanish

Ballads and Songs of Love sung by Raphael Yair Elnadav, accompanied by The Salonika Trio arrangements by Richard J. Neumann. Collectors Guild CGL-605, \$4.98.

▲WHEN Isabella and Fernando expelled the Jews from Spain in 1492, little did they know, nor would they have cared, that the Jews would keep their Spanish heritage alive for centuries to come. Yet this is what happened. The exiled Jews settled all over Europe, particularly in the Mediterranean countries; there they continued to speak and publish in Spanish, lovingly sang the old *romances* and recalled with pride their position of eminence in Spain.

This melodious collection of Greek-Turkish Sephardic songs illustrates clearly the changes which occurred in both text and music during the centuries since the expulsion. By contrast with the strongly Iberian music of Moroccan Jews (of the former Spanish colony), these melodies are mixed with Turkish-Greek, Eastern European, and cantorial strains.

The poetry of these love songs and songs for weddings, circumcisions, and holy days, brilliantly colored with fine imagery and poignant emotion, makes delightful reading even in the English translation. For the student of Spanish, it is a living record of the metamorphosis of a language from the Middle Ages to the present. Ladino, the speech of Sephardic Jews, became gradually an amalgam of the original archaic Spanish with Turkish, Greek, Slavic and Hebrew in the Diaspora.

Raphael Yair Elnadav, an Israeli-born Yemenite, who performs here, has been chief cantor in Sephardic congregations in Israel, Havana and currently in New York. A well-schooled musician, he performs these Mediterranean songs in a learned Western singing style. The arrangements by Richard J. Neumann for lute (?), percussion, and flute, played by the Salonika Trio, sometimes clutter the traditionally unaccompanied melodies but they are in good taste.

Notes by B. H. Stambler are excellent.

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WANTED: Debussy *Children's Corner Suite* (orchestral version) under Stokowski on RCA Victor LM-9023. Must be in mint or at least very good condition, with no audible defects. Write to Box 207, ARG.

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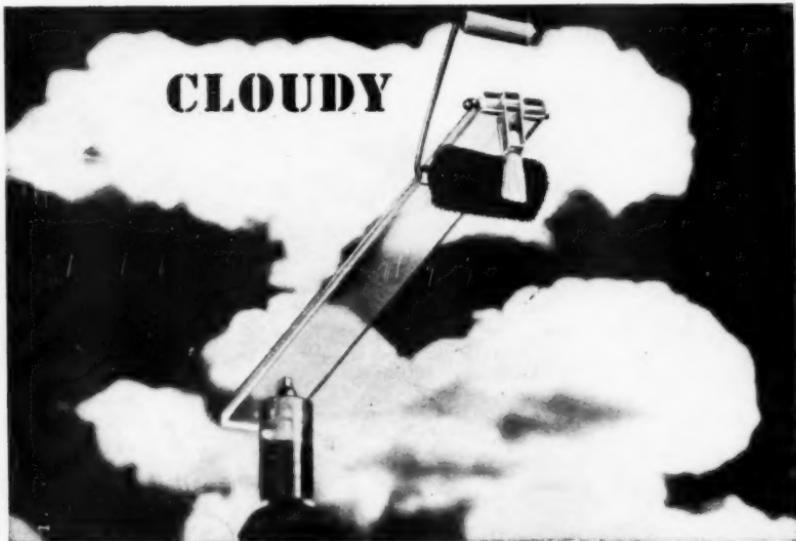
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